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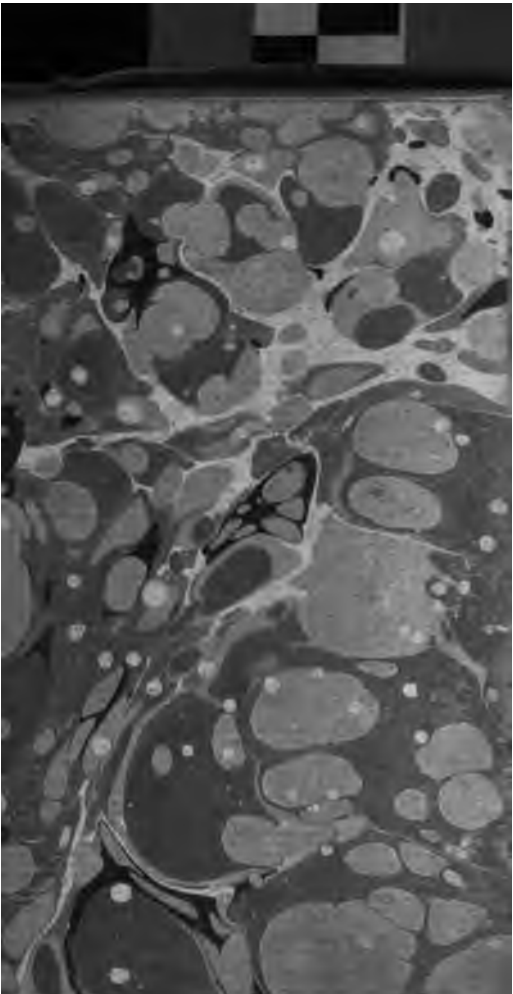

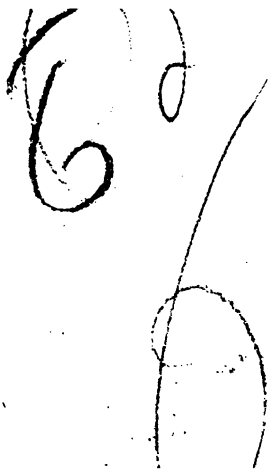

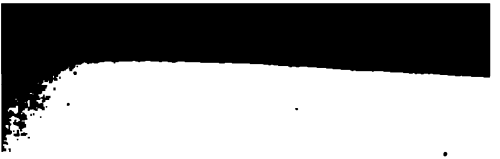

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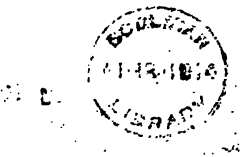


THE

POETICAL WORKS

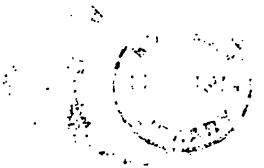
OF

JOSEPH ADDISON.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

No charms are wanting to thy artful ſong,
Soft as Corelli, but as Virgil ſtrong:
From words ſo ſweet new grace the notes receive,
And Muſic borrows helps ſhe us'd to give.
Thy ſtyle hath match'd what ancient Romans knew,
Thy flowing numbers far excel the new,
Their cadence in ſuch eaſy ſound convey'd,
That height of thought may ſeem ſuperfluous aid;
Yet in ſuch charms the noble thoughts abound,
That needleſs ſeem the ſweets of eaſy ſound.
Accept, great Monarch of the Britiſh lays!
The tribute-ſong an humble ſubject pays:
So tries the artleſs lark her early flight,
And ſoars to hail the god of Verſe and Light.
Unrivall'd as thy merit be thy fame,
And thy own laurels ſhade thy envy'd name. TICKELL.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1778.



THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOSEPH ADDISON.

CONTAINING HIS

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,

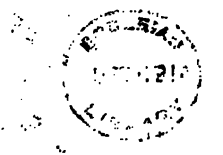
&c. &c. &c.

If bus'ness calls, or crowded courts invite,
Th' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my sight;
If in the stage I seek to sooth my care,
I meet his soul, which breathes in Cato there;
If, pensive, to the rural shades I rove,
His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove:
'Twas there of just and good he reason'd strong,
Clear'd some great truth, or rais'd some serious song;
There, patient, show'd us the wise course to steer,
A candid censor, and a friend severe;
There taught us how to live, and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die! TICK

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTIN'

Anno 1778.



THE LIFE OF

JOSEPH ADDISON.

THIS elegant writer, to whom the world owes so many obligations, was born at Milton, near Ambrosbury, in the county of Wilts, (of which place his father, Mr. Lancelot Addison, was then Rector) on the 6th of May 1672, and being not thought likely to live, was baptized on the same day, as appears from the church register. When he grew up to an age fit for going to school he was put under the care of the Rev. Mr. Naish at Ambrosbury. He afterwards removed to a school at Salisbury, taught by the Rev. Mr. Taylor, thence to the Charter-house, where he was under the tuition of the learned Dr. Ellis, and where he contracted an intimacy with Mr. Steele, afterwards Sir Richard, which continued as long as Mr. Addison lived. He was not above fifteen years old when he was entered of Queen's College, Oxford, in which his father had been placed, where he applied himself so closely to the study of classical learning, that in a very short time he became master of a very elegant Latin style, even before he arrived at that age when ordinary scholars begin to write good English.

In the year 1687 a copy of his verses in that tongue fell into the hands of Dr. Lancaster, Dean of Magdalen College, who was so pleased with them that he immediately procured their Author's election into

and proc...

is name was so much as known ...

e was in the twenty-second year of his

d a copy of verses addressed to Mr. D

soon procured him the notice of some

l judges in that age. The verses are not

eir elegance; but if they are much re

common rhymes, they fall infinitely sh

haracter Mr. Addison's friends bestowe

. Some little space intervening, he sent i

d a translation of the Fourth Georgic of V

h we need not say any more than tha

mended by Mr. Dryden. He wrote also

se on the Georgics prefixed to them by

ce in Mr Dryden's translation, and

that indicious con

The next year Mr. Addiſon wrote ſeveral poems of different kinds, amongſt the reſt one addreſſed to Henry Sacheverell, who became afterwards ſo exceedingly famous. The following year he wrote a poem to King William on one of his campaigns, addreſſed to the Lord Keeper, Sir John Somers. That excellent ſtateſman received this mark of a young author's attachment with great humanity, admitted Mr. Addiſon into the number of his friends, and gave him on all occaſions diſtinguiſhing proofs of a ſincere eſteem *.

While he was at the Univerſity he had been preſſingly ſolicited to enter into holy orders, which he ſeemed once reſolved on, probably in obedience to his father's authority; but being conſcious of the importance of the undertaking, and deterred by his extreme modeſty, he relinquiſhed, ſays Mr. Tickell, all view that way; but Sir Richard Steele, in his letter to Mr. Congreve, prefixed to The Drummer, who had a quarrel with Tickell on account of an injurious treatment of him, ſays that thoſe were not the reaſons which made Mr. Addiſon turn his thoughts to the civil world; "and as you were the inducement, [illegible] of his becoming acquainted with my Lord [illegible], I doubt not but you remember the warm [illegible] that noble lord made to the head of the [illegible] *not to inſiſt* on Mr. Addiſon's going into [illegible]; *his* arguments were founded on the gene-

* Tickell's Preface.

th a compl...,
esented as no friend to the church, ...
ever do it any other injury than by keepi
Addison out of it."

Mr. Addison having discovered an inclina
vel, the above-mentioned patron, out of
ll to his country as our Author, procured hi
e crown, an annual pension of 300 *l.* which
m to make a tour to Italy the latter-end
is Latin Poems, dedicated to Mr. Monta
hancellor of the Exchequer, were printed, b
eparture, in the *Musæ Anglicanæ*, and were
steemed in foreign countries as at home, pa
by that noble wit of France Boileau. It is
Tickell we learn this circumstance in relati
leau, and we shall present it to the reader
words. "His country owes it to Mr. Addis
"famous Monsieur Boileau first conceived

" ment he meant was, that theſe books had given " him a very new idea of the Engliſh politeneſs, and " that he did not queſtion but there were excellent " compoſitions in the native language of a country " which poſſeſſed the Roman genius in ſo eminent a " degree." In 1701 Mr. Addiſon wrote an Epiſtolary poem from Italy to Lord Halifax, which is much admired as a finiſhed piece in its kind, and indeed ſome have pronounced it the beſt of Mr. Addiſon's performances: it was tranſlated by the Abbot Antonio Mario Salvini, Greek Profeſſor at Florence, into Italian verſe, which tranſlation is printed with the original in this edition of Mr. Addiſon's works. This poem is in the higheſt eſteem in Italy, becauſe there are in it the beſt-turned compliments on that country that, perhaps, are to be found any where; and the Italians, on account of their familiarity with the objects it deſcribes, muſt have a higher reliſh of it. This poem likewiſe ſhews his gratitude to Lord Halifax, who had been that year impeached by the Commons in parliament, for procuring exorbitant grants from the crown to his own uſe and further charged with cutting down and waſting the timber in his Majeſty's foreſts, and with holding ſeveral offices in his Majeſty's Exchequer that were inconſiſtent, and deſigned as checks upon each other. The Commons had likewiſe addreſſed the King to remove him from his councils and preſence for ever. Theſe were the cauſes of his retiring, and Mr. Addiſon's addreſs at this time w

ought of as a proper person ...
ene, who then commanded for the Emperor
which employment would much have ple
out the death of King William intervenin
cessation of his pension and his hopes.

For a considerable space of time he re
home; and as his friends were out of the n
had no opportunity to display his abilities,
a competent reward for the honour his
already done his country. He owed both
dent. In the year 1704 Lord Treasurer
happened to complain to the Lord Halif
Duke of Marlborough's victory at Blenh
been celebrated in verse in the manner
... told him that he would take it kind

great abilities, languiſhed in obſcurity. The Treaſurer anſwered, very coolly, that he was ſorry his Lordſhip had occaſion to make ſuch an obſervation; but that in the mean-time he would engage his honour that whoever his Lordſhip ſhould name might venture upon this theme without fear of loſing his time. Lord Halifax thereupon named Mr. Addiſon, but inſiſted the Treaſurer ſhould ſend to him himſelf, which he promiſed. Accordingly he prevailed upon Mr. Boyle, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, to go, in his name, to Mr. Addiſon, and communicate to him the buſineſs, which he did in ſo obliging a manner, that he readily entered upon the taſk *. The Lord Treaſurer ſaw the poem before it was finiſhed, when the Author had written no farther than the celebrated ſimile of the Angel, and was ſo much pleaſed with it, that he immediately made him Commiſſioner of Appeals in the room of Mr. Locke, who was promoted to be one of the Lords Commiſſioners for Trade, *&c.*

His poem entitled The Campaign, was received with loud and general applauſe: it is addreſſed to the Duke of Marlborough, and contains a ſhort view of the military tranſactions in the year 1704, and a very particular deſcription of the two great actions at Schellemberg and Blenheim.

In 1705 Mr. Addiſon attended the Lord Halifax to Hanover; and in the ſucceeding year he was

* Budgel's Memoirs of the Boyles.

Operas being now much in faſhion, many
of diſtinction and true taſte importuned him to
a trial whether ſenſe and ſound were really ſo i
patible as ſome admirers of the Italian pieces
repreſent them. He was at laſt prevailed up
comply with their requeſt, and compoſed his
nond. This piece was inſcribed to the Duch
Marlborough, and met with but indifferent ſ
on the ſtage. Many looked upon it as not pr
an opera; for, conſidering what numbers of
ible productions had borne that title, they were
atisfied that ſo ſuperior a piece ſhould appear
he ſame denomination. About this time our A
ſiſted Sir Richard Steele in a play called The
ler Huſband, to which he wrote a humorous
ogue. Sir Richard, whoſe gratitude was as
nd ready as his wit, ſurpriſed him with a d
ion, which may be conſidered as one of the fe

as a mark of her peculiar favour, to augment the ſalary annexed to the Keeper of the Records in that nation, and beſtow it upon him. While he was in Ireland his friend Sir Richard Steele publiſhed The Tatler, which appeared for the firſt time on the 12th of April 1709. Mr. Addiſon (ſays Tickell) diſcovered the author by an obſervation on Virgil he had communicated to him. This diſcovery led him to afford farther aſſiſtance, inſomuch that, as the author of The Tatler well expreſſed it, he fared by this means like a diſtreſſed prince who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid; that is, he was undone by his auxiliary.

The ſuperiority of Mr. Addiſon's papers in that work is univerſally admitted; and being more at leiſure upon the change of the miniſtry, he continued aſſiſting in The Tatler till 1711, when it was dropt.

No ſooner was The Tatler laid down, but Sir Richard Steele, in concert with Mr. Addiſon, formed the plan of The Spectator. The firſt paper appeared on the firſt of March 1711, and in the courſe of that great work Mr. Addiſon furniſhed all the papers marked with any letters of the Muſe Clio, and which were generally moſt admired. Tickell, who had no kindneſs for Sir Richard Steele, meanly ſuppoſes that he marked his paper out of precaution againſt *Sir Richard*, which was an ill-natured inſinuation; *for in the* concluſion of The Spectators he ac-

enerous grateful friend; it ...
Mr. Tickell, in the defence of Mr. Ad
, which needed no ſuch ſtratagem, to
ne of his deareſt friends, and, at the
th and his reputation, raiſe the characte
Sir Richard had oppoſed Mr. Addiſon
e of Mr. Tickell as his Secretary, which
ould never forget nor forgive.
1 The Spectators Sir Roger de Coverley
diſon's favourite character, and ſo tend
t, that he went to Sir Richard, upon hi
a Spectator in which he made Sir Rog
oman in the Temple cloiſters, and woul
h his friend until he promiſed to medd
no more. Howev

rity muſt have a high idea of the taſte and good ſenſe of the Britiſh nation, when they are informed that twenty thouſand of theſe papers were ſometimes ſold in a day *.

The Guardian, a paper of the ſame tendency, entertained the Town in the years 1713 and 1714, in which Mr. Addiſon had likewiſe a very large ſhare: he alſo wrote two papers in The Lover.

In the year 1713 appeared his famous Cato. He entered into a deſign of writing a tragedy on that ſubject when he was very young, and when he was on his travels he actually wrote four acts of it: however, he retouched it on his return, without any deſign of bringing it on the ſtage; but ſome friends of his imagining it might be of ſervice to the cauſe of liberty, he was prevailed upon to finiſh it for the theatre, which he accordingly did. When this play appeared it was received with boundleſs admiration; and during the repreſentation on the firſt night, on which its fate depended, it is ſaid that Mr. Addiſon diſcovered uncommon timidity; he was agitated between hope and fear, and while he remained retired in the Green-room he kept a perſon continually going backwards and forwards, from the ſtage to the place where he was, to inform him how it ſucceeded, and till the whole was over, and the ſucceſs confirmed, he *never ventured to move.*

* Tickell's Preface.

William Trumbal, dated the 30th of A
which are ſome circumſtances that merit
ation.

" SIR,

" As to poetical affairs I am content, s
' be a bare looker-on, and from a practit
' admirer, which, as the world goes, is n
' Cato was not ſo much the wonder of
" days as he is of Britain in ours; ar
" the fooliſh induſtry poſſible had been
" it thought a party play, yet what the
" ſaid of another may the moſt properl
" be applied to him on this occaſion;

" Envy itſelf is dumb, in wonder loſt,

"at the end of every two lines. I believe you have "heard that, after all the applauſes of the oppoſite "faction, my Lord Bolingbroke ſent for Booth, who "played Cato, into the box, between one of the "acts, and preſented him with fifty guineas, in ac- "knowledgment, as he expreſſed it, for defending "the cauſe of liberty ſo well againſt a perpetual Dic- "tator. The Whigs are unwilling to be diſtanced "this way, and therefore deſign a preſent to the ſame "Cato very ſpeedily; in the mean-time they are get- "ting ready as good a ſentence as the former on "their ſide; ſo betwixt them it is probable that Cato "(as Dr. Garth expreſſed it) may have ſomething to "live upon after he dies."

Immediately after the publication of this tragedy there came abroad a pamphlet, entitled Obſervations on Cato, written by the ingenious Dr. Sewel. The deſign of this piece was to ſhew that the applauſe this tragedy met with was founded on merit. It is a very accurate and entertaining criticiſm, and tends to ſecure the Poet the hearts of his readers as well as of his audience. Our Author was not, however, without enemies, amongſt whom was Mr. Dennis, who attacked it firſt in a pamphlet, and then in a ſubſequent work, in which he employed ſeven letters in pulling it to pieces: in ſome of his remarks he is candid and *judicious enough, in others* he is triſling and ill-natured, *and I think* it is pretty plain he was agitated

a very different light, and endeavours to ruin
s party by turning the cannon upon the enemy
he title of this pamphlet is, Mr. Addiſon turne
roy: it is written with great ſpirit and vivacity
ato was ſpeedily tranſlated into French by Mr
oyer, but with no ſpirit: it was tranſlated likewiſe
to Italian.

Voltaire has commended and condemned Mr. Ad
iſon by turns, and in reſpect to Cato, he admire
id cenſures it extravagantly. The principal charac
r he allows ſuperior to any before brought upon th
age, but ſays that all the love-ſcenes are abſolutel
ſipid; he might have added unneceſſary, as to th
lot; and the only reaſon that can be aſſigned for th
oet's introducing them was, the prevalence of cu

and his performance; she was pleased to
inclination of having it dedicated to her;
intended that compliment to another, it
have the world without any dedication. If, in
subsequent part of his life, his leisure had been
greater, we are told he would probably have written
another tragedy on the death of Socrates; but the
honours redounding from what he had already perform-
ed deprived posterity of that production. This sub-
ject was still drier, and less susceptible of poetical or-
naments, than the former; but in the hands of so great
a writer there is no doubt but genius would have sup-
plied what was wanting in the real story, and have
adorned it by shining sentiments and noble language,
the simplicity of the plot, and deficiency in business.

Upon the death of the Queen the Lords Justices
appointed Mr. Addison their Secretary. This divert-
ed him from the design he had formed of composing
an English Dictionary upon the plan of a famous Ita-
lian one: that the world has much suffered by this
promotion I am ready to believe, and cannot but re-
gret that our language yet wants the assistance of so
great a master in fixing its standard, settling its pu-
rity, and illustrating its copiousness or elegance.

In 1716 our Author married the Countess of War-
wick, and about that time published The Freeholder,
which is a kind of political Spectator. This work Mr.
Addison conducted without any assistance, upon

:r, it produc[illegible]
of the Principal Secretaries of [illegible]
hich had been before impaired by an a
order, ſuffered exceedingly by an adva
much to his honour, but attended with
:igue. Finding that he was not able to
much buſineſs as his ſtation led him t
l, and in his leiſure hours began a work
is nature, upon the Evidence of the Ch
n, which he lived not to finiſh. He li
ed a Paraphraſe on ſome of the Pſalms
but a long and painful relapſe broke
is, and deprived the world of one of its
rnaments, June 17. 1719, when he was
[illegible] year of his age. He died at Hollan
[illegible] behind him an on

In 1707 there came abroad a pamphlet, under the title of The Present State of the War, and the Necessity of an Augmentation, considered. The Whig Examiner came out Septem. 14. 1710, for the first time: these were five papers in all attributed to Mr. Addison; these are by much the tartest things he ever wrote; Dr. Sacheverell, Mr. Prior, and many other persons, are severely treated. The Examiner had done the same thing on the part of the Tories, and the avowed design of this paper was to make reprisals.

In the year 1723 was published a little pamphlet, called The Late Trial and Conviction of Count Tariff; it was intended to expose the Tory ministry on the head of the French Commerce Bill: this is also a severe piece.

The following have likewise been ascribed to our Author:

Dissertatio de insignioribus Romanorum Poetis, *i. e.* A Dissertation upon the most eminent Roman Poets. This is supposed to have been written about 1692.

A Discourse on Ancient and Modern Learning: the time when it was written is uncertain, but probably as early as the former. It was preserved amongst the manuscripts of Lord Somers, which, after the death of Sir Joseph Jekyl, being publicly sold, this little piece came to be printed 1739, and was well received. To these we must add the Old Whig, No. 1, and a pamphlet written in defence of the Peerage Bill. The scope of the bill was this, that in place

ıe extinction of families. This gave a great
› the nation, and many papers were wrot
irit againſt it, amongſt the reſt one called I'l
ian, now known to have been Sir Richard S
anſwer to this came out The Old Whig, N°
e State of the Peerage, with ſome Remarks c
ebeian. This controverſy was carried on b
e two friends, Addiſon and Steele, at firſt w
y knowledge of one another, but before it was
appears, from ſeveral expreſſions, that the
The Old Whig was acquainted with his anta
Thus we have gone through the moſt remai
ſtages of the life of this great man, in admirat
om it is but natural to be an enthuſiaſt, and
y enemies expreſſed their diſlike with diſſid

ery, that he was jealous, and ſuſpicious in his
per, and, as Pope keenly expreſſes it,

Here, like the Turk, no rival near the throne.

t he was jealous of the fame of Pope many have
ɔeid, and perhaps not altogether without ground.
ɔreferred Tickell's tranſlation of the Firſt Book of
ner to Pope's. His words are, 'The other has
ɔre of Homer;' when, at the ſame time, in a let-
to Pope, he ſtrenuouſly adviſes him to undertake
ınd tells him there is none but he equal to it;
ch circumſtance has made ſome people conjecture
t Addiſon was himſelf the author of the tranſla-
ɔ imputed to Mr. Tickell. Be this as it may, it is
ɔleaſing to dwell upon the failings and quarrels of
at men; let us rather draw a veil over all their er-
s, and only admire their virtues and their genius,
both which the Author, the incidents of whoſe
we have now been tracing, had a large poſſeſſion.
added much to the purity of the Engliſh ſtyle in
ɔſe; his rhyme is not ſo flowing, nervous, or man-
as ſome of his cotemporaries, but his proſe has
original excellence, a ſmoothneſs and dignity, pe-
iar to it. His poetry, as well as ſentiments, in
to, cannot be praiſed enough.

Mr. Addiſon was ſtedfaſt to his principles, faith-
to his friends, a zealous patriot, honourable in
ɔlic ſtations, amiable in private life, and as he li-
he died, a good man and a pious Chriſtian

dumb too long, the drooping Muſe hath
ıd left her debt to Addiſon unpaid,
ıme not her ſilence, Warwick! but bemoa
nd judge, oh judge! my boſom by your ow
'hat mourner ever felt poetic fires!
.ow comes the verſe that real woe inſpires;
ſrief unaffected ſuits but ill with art,
ır flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.
Can I forget the dſmal night that gave
My ſoul's beſt part for ever to the grave!
How ſilent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the manſions of the de
Thro' breathing ſtatues, then unheeded th
[illegible] of warriors, and thro' walks of

To ſtrew freſh laurels let the taſk be mine,
A frequent pilgrim at thy ſacred ſhrine;
Mine with true ſighs thy abſence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy ſtone.
If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
May ſhame afflict this alienated heart;
Of thee forgetful if I form a ſong,
My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue,
My grief be doubled, from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchaſtis'd by thee.
Oft' let me range the gloomy aiſles alone
(Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown)
Along the walls where ſpeaking marbles ſhow
What worthies form the hallow'd mould below:
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held,
In arms who triumph'd, or in arts excell'd;
Chiefs grac'd with ſcars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for ſacred freedom ſtood;
Juſt men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And ſaints, who taught and led the way to heav'n.
Ne'er to theſe chambers, where the mighty reſt,
Since their foundation, came a nobler gueſt,
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliſs convey'd
A fairer ſpirit or more welcome ſhade.
In what new region, to the juſt aſſign'd,
What new employments pleaſe th' unbody'd mind?
A winged *Virtue, thro'* th' ethereal ſky,
From world to world unweary'd does he fly?

ow Michael battled ...
r, mix'd with milder cherubim, to glow
n hymns of love not ill eſſay'd below?
Or doſt thou warn poor mortals left behin
A taſk well ſuited to thy gentle mind.
Oh! if ſometimes thy ſpotleſs form deſcer
To me thy aid, thou guardian Genius! len
When rage miſguides me, or when fear ala
When pain diſtreſſes, or when pleaſure ch
In ſilent whiſp'rings purer thoughts impa
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart
Lead thro' the paths thy virtue trod bef
Till bliſs ſhall join, nor death can part
That awful form (which, ſo ye Heav
Muſt ſtill be lov'd and ſtill deplor'd by
In nightly viſions ſeldom fails to riſe,
Or rous'd by fancy meets my waking
... or crowded courts in

There, patient, ſhow'd us the wiſe courſe to ſteer,
A candid cenſor, and a friend ſevere;
There taught us how to live, and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die!
Thou hill! whoſe brow the antique ſtructures grace,
Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
Why, once ſo lov'd, whene'er thy bower appears,
O'er my dim eyeballs glance the ſudden tears!
How ſweet were once thy proſpects freſh and fair,
Thy ſloping walks and unpolluted air!
How ſweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noontide ſhadow, and thy ev'ning breeze!
His image thy forſaken bowers reſtore,
Thy walks and airy proſpects charm no more;
No more the ſummer in thy glooms allay'd,
Thy evening breezes and thy noonday ſhade.
From other ills, however Fortune frown'd,
Some refuge in the Muſe's art I found;
Reluctant now I touch the trembling ſtring,
Bereft of him who taught me how to ſing,
And theſe ſad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,
Betray that abſence they attempt to mourn.
Oh! muſt I then (now freſh my boſom bleeds,
And Craggs in death to Addiſon ſucceeds)
The verſe begun to one loſt friend prolong,
And weep a ſecond in th' unfiniſh'd ſong!
Theſe *Works divine*, which, on his deathbed laid,
To thee, O Craggs! th' expiring ſage convey'd,

Farewell! whom join'd in fame, in frie
No chance could ſever, nor the grave di

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

TO MR. DRYDEN.

THE AUTHOR'S AGE TWENTY-TWO.

How long, great Poet! shall thy sacred lays
Provoke our wonder and transcend our praise?
Can neither injuries of time or age
Damp thy poetic heat and quench thy rage?
Not so thy Ovid in his exile wrote,
Grief chill'd his breast, and check'd his rising thought;
Pensive and sad, his drooping Muse betrays
The Roman genius in its last decays.
Prevailing warmth has still thy mind possest,
And second youth is kindled in thy breast;
Thou mak'st the beauties of the Romans known,
And England boasts of riches not her own;
Thy lines have heighten'd Virgil's majesty,
And Horace, wonders at himself in thee:
Thou teacheſt Perſius to inform our isle
In smoother numbers and a clearer style;
And Juvenal, instructed in thy page,
Edges his satire and improves his rage.
Thy copy casts a fairer light on all,
And still outshines the bright original.
Now Ovid boasts th' advantage of thy song,
And tells his story in the British tongue;

: nor sickness ...
nay we, wond'ring, read how human limbs
vater'd kingdoms and dissolv'd in streams; 30
se rich fruits that on the fertile mould
l yellow by degrees, and ripen'd into gold,
ome in feathers, or a ragged hide,
liv'd a second life, and diff'rent natures try'd.
will thy Ovid, thus transform'd, reveal
bler change than he himself can tell. 3(

Magd. College, Oxon.
June 2. 1693.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE GREATEST

ENGLISH POETS.

TO MR. HENRY SACHEVERELL *.

ke their ſev'ral beauties known,
ir verſes' worth, tho' not my own.
ur dull forefathers ſlept ſupine,
aptures of the tuneful Nine,
firſt, a merry bard, aroſe,
ſtory told in rhyme and proſe;
ıſted what the poet writ,
language, and obſcur'd his wit;
ts in his unpoliſh'd ſtrain,
make his readers laugh in vain.
r next, warm'd with poetic rage,
es amus'd a barb'rous age;
yet uncultivate and rude,
poet's fancy led, purſu'd
s fields and unfrequented floods,
agons and enchanted woods.
myſtic tale that pleas'd of yore
underſtanding age no more;
allegories fulſome grow,
ll moral lies too plain below.
pleas'd at diſtance all the ſights
alfries, battles, fields, and fights,
in diſtreſs, and courteous knights;
look too near the ſhades decay,
leaſing landſcape fades away.
ley then (a mighty genius!) wrote,
wit, and laviſh of his thought:
loſely on the reader preſs;
eas'd us had he pleas'd us leſs:

jointly all pro[illegible]

n, great Poet! that I dare to name
nnumber'd beauties of thy verſe with blame;
ault is only wit in its exceſs;
vit like thine in any ſhape will pleaſe.
t Muſe but thine can equal hints inſpire,
fit the deep-mouth'd Pindar to thy lyre?
lar! whom others, in a labour'd ſtrain,
l forc'd expreſſion, imitate in vain?
ll pleas'd in thee he ſoars with new delight,
d plays in more unbounded verſe, and takes a
bler flight.
Bleſs'd man! whoſe ſpotleſs life and charming
nploy'd the tuneful prelate in thy praiſe;
:ſs'd man! who now ſhall be for ever known
[illegible] and thy own.

's eternal throne with dire alarms,
mighty Thunderer in arms!
m deſcribes I more than ſee,
rſe, array'd in majeſty,
ze, my whole attention draws,
ve the critic's nicer laws.
ruck with terror and delight,
th archangel copes in fight!
eſſiah's outſpread banner ſhines,
hariot rattle in his lines!
brazen wheels, what thunder, ſcare
eader with the din of war!
pirits and my blood retire,
hs ſunk in clouds of fire;
eager ſteps, from hence I riſe,
rſt gay ſcenes of Paradiſe,
what words of rapture, can expreſs
ſuſe of pleaſantneſs!
ret ne'er profan'd his pen,
the guilt of faithleſs men,
i might have deſerv'd applauſe;
nguage can't ſupport the cauſe;
current, tho' ſerene and bright,
n odious to the ſight.
Muſe, a ſofter ſtrain rehearſe,
with art, and ſmooth thy verſe;
ller next commands thy lays:
verſe with art to Waller's praiſe.

nake the vanquiſh'd great, the cowaru ...
verſe can ſhow ev'n Cromwell's innocence,
compliment the ſtorm that bore him hence
had thy Muſe not come an age too ſoon,
ſeen great Naſſau on the Britiſh throne,
had his triumphs glitter'd in thy page,
l warm'd thee to a more exalted rage!
at ſcenes of death and horror had we view'd
d how had Boyn's wide current reek'd in bl
if Maria's * charms thou wouldſt rehearſe
ſmoother numbers and a ſofter verſe,
ıy pen had well deſcrib'd her graceful air,
ıd Gloriana would have ſeem'd more fair.
Nor muſt Roſcommon paſs neglected by,
-- Dulce a noble poetry;

a comic ſounds or tragic airs
her voice, ſhe moves our ſmiles or tears.
heroic ſtrains ſhe writes,
leaſes, and her ſatire bites.
no harſh unartful numbers fall;
all dreſſes. and ſhe charms in all.
t we fear our Engliſh poetry,
has flouriſh'd, ſhould decay with thee,
ne Muſes' other hope appear,
us Congreve! and forbid our fear:
whoſe fancy's unexhauſted ſtore
already much, and promis'd more:
ſhall ſtill preſerve thy fame alive,
len's Muſe ſhall in his friend ſurvive.
d with rhyming, and would fain give o'er,
ſtill demands one labour more:
Montagu remains unnam'd,
r humour, and for judgment, fam'd:
he directs his artful Muſe,
s ſuch as Dorſet's ſelf might uſe.
gently graceful he unreins
and writes in looſe familiar ſtrains!
u's godlike acts adorn his lines,
e hero in full glory ſhines!
s army ſet in juſt array,
's dy'd waves run purple to the ſea.
s, *chok'd* with men, and arms, and blood,
Xanthus' celebrated flood,

To them that practiſe 'em with more ſucceſs.
Of greater truths I'll now prepare to tell;
And ſo at once, dear Friend and Muſe! farewel

TO THE RIGHT HON.

SIR JOHN SOMERS,

LORD KEEPER OF THE GREAT SEA

THE AUTHOR'S AGE TWENTY-FOUR.

If yet your thoughts are looſe from ſtate affair
Nor feel the burden of a kingdom's cares;
If yet your time and actions are your own,
Receive the preſent of a Muſe unknown;
A Muſe that in advent'rous numbers ſings

here of my verse reveals
designs, to you in council tells
most thoughts, determining the doom
owns unstorm'd and battles yet to come.
d well could you, in your immortal strains,
scribe his conduct and reward his pains;
at since the state has all your cares engrost,
And poetry in higher thoughts is lost,
Attend to what a lesser Muse indites,
Pardon her faults, and countenance her flights.
On you, my Lord, with anxious fear I wait,
And from your judgment must expect my fate,
Who, free from vulgar passions, are above
Degrading envy or misguided love.
If you, well pleas'd, shall smile upon my lays,
Secure of fame, my voice I'll boldly raise,
For next to what you write is what you praise.

TO THE KING.

When now the bus'ness of the field is o'er,
The trumpets sleep and cannons cease to roar,
When ev'ry dismal echo is decay'd,
And all the thunder of the battle laid,
Attend, auspicious Prince! and let the Muse
In humble accents milder thoughts infuse.
Others, in bold prophetic numbers skill'd,
Set thee in arms, and led thee to the field;

And floting corpſe lie beating on the ſhore;
She ſaw thee climb the banks, but try'd in vain
To trace her hero thro' the duſty plain,
When thro' the thick embattled hoſts he broke,
Now plung'd amidſt the foes, now loſt in clou
O that ſome Muſe, renown'd for lofty verſe, ſh
In daring numbers would thy toils rehearſe!
Draw thee belov'd in peace and fear'd in war,
Inur'd to noonday ſweats and midnight cares!
But ſtill the godlike man, by ſome hard fate,
Receives the glory of his toils too late;
Too late the verſe the mighty act ſucceeds;
One age the hero, one the poet, breeds.
A thouſand years in full ſucceſſion ran
Ere Virgil rais'd his voice, and ſung the man

Achilles quell'd the Trojans' lust,
d the labour of the gods in dust,
e the tow'ring Muse began her flight,
d drew the hero raging in the fight,
Angig'd in cented fields and rolling floods,
Or slaught'ring mortals, or a match for gods.
And here, perhaps, by Fate's unerring doom,
Some mighty head lies hid in years to come,
That shall in William's godlike acts engage,
And with his battles warm a future age.
Hibernian fields shall here thy conquests show,
And Boyn be sung when it has ceas'd to flow;
Here Gallic lifeless shall advance thy fame,
And here Senesse shall wear another name.
Our late posterity, with secret dread,
Shall view thy battles, and with pleasure read
How, in the bloody field, too near advanc'd,
The guiltless bullet on thy shoulder glanc'd.
The race of Nassau was by Heav'n design'd
To curb the proud oppressors of mankind,
To bind the tyrants of the earth with laws,
And fight in ev'ry injur'd nation's cause,
The world's great patriots; they for justice call,
And as they favour kingdoms rise or fall.
Our British youth, unus'd to rough alarms,
Careless of fame, and negligent of arms,
Had long forgot to meditate the foe,
And heard unwarm'd the martial trumpet

Who firſt ſhall ſtorm the breach or mount the
In vain the thronging enemy by force
Would clear the ramparts and repel their cour
They break thro' all, for William leads the wa
Where fires rage moſt and loudeſt engines play
Namure's late terrors and deſtruction ſhow
What William, warm'd with juſt revenge, can
Where once a thouſand turrets rais'd on high
Their gilded ſpires, and glitter'd in the ſky,
An undiſtinguiſh'd heap of duſt is found,
And all the pile lies ſmoking on the ground.
His toils, for no ignoble ends deſign'd,
Promote the common welfare of mankind;
No wild ambition moves, but Europe's fears,
The cries of orphans, and the widows' tears;

...mum triumphant in the field,
...nts cloven down and monsters kill'd,
...ing in blood, and smear'd with dust and sweat,
...ilst angry gods conspire to make him great.
Thy navy rides on seas before unprest,
...nd flushes a tower thro' the haughty East;
Algiers and Tunis, from their sultry shore,
With horror hear the British engines roar;
Pain from the neighb'ring dangers would they run,
And with themselves still nearer to the sun.
The Gallic ships are in their ports confin'd,
Deny'd the common use of sea and wind,
Nor dare again the British strength engage;
Still they remember that destructive rage
Which lately made their trembling host retire,
Stunn'd with the noise, and wrapt in smoke and fire;
The waves with wide unnumber'd wrecks were strow'd,
And planks, and arms, and men, promiscuous flow'd.
Spain's num'rous fleet, that perish'd on our coast,
Could scarce a longer line of battle boast,
The winds could hardly drive 'em to their fate,
And all the ocean labour'd with the weight.
Where'er the waves in restless errors roll,
The sea lies open now to either pole;
Now may we safely use the northern gales,
And in the Polar Circle spread our sails;
...in southern climes, secure from wars,
...lands explore, and sail by other stars;

hink on the heaps of corpſe' and ſtreams o
n every guilty plain and purple flood
hy arms have made, and ceaſe an impious
or waſte the lives entruſted to thy care:
r if no milder thought can calm thy mind,
:hold the great avenger of mankind!
ɜe mighty Naſſau thro' the battle ride,
nd ſee thy ſubjects gaſping by his ſide!
ain would the pious prince refuſe th' alarm,
ain would he check the fury of his arm,
ut when thy cruelties his thoughts engage,
'he hero kindles with becoming rage,
'hen countries ſtoj'n, and captives unreſtor'
ive ſtrength to ev'ry blow, and edge his ſw
chold with what reſiſtleſs force he falls
n towns beſieg'd, and thunders at thy wall
ſk Villerov. for Villerov beheld

Around thy coaſt his burſting bombs he pours
On flaming citadels and falling tow'rs;
With hiſſing ſtreams of fire the air they ſtreak,
And hurl deſtruction round 'em where they break;
The ſkies with long aſcending flames are bright,
And all the ſea reflects a quivering light.

Thus Ætna, when in fierce eruptions broke,
Fills heav'n with aſhes and the earth with ſmoke;
Here crags of broken rocks are twirl'd on high,
Here molten ſtones and ſcatter'd cinders fly;
Its fury reaches the remoteſt coaſt,
And ſtrows the Aſiatic ſhore with duſt.

Now does the ſailor from the neighb'ring main
Look after Gallic towns and forts in vain;
No more his wonted marks he can deſcry,
But ſees a long unmeaſur'd ruin lie,
Whilſt, pointing to the naked coaſt, he ſhows
His wondring mates where towns and ſteeples roſe,
Where crowded citizens he lately view'd,
And ſingles out the place where once St. Maloes ſtood.

Here Ruſſel's actions ſhould my Muſe require,
And would my ſtrength but ſecond my deſire,
I'd all his boundleſs bravery rehearſe,
And draw his cannons thund'ring in my verſe;
High on the deck ſhould the great leader ſtand,
Wrath in his look, and lightning in his hand,
Like Homer's Hector, when he flung his fire
Amidſt a thouſand ſhips, and made all Greece retire.

mond: the theme of ev'ry Oxford Muſe.
in would I here his mighty worth proclain
tend him in the noble chaſe of fame,
ro' all the noiſe and hurry of the fight
ſerve each blow, and keep him ſtill in ſigh
! did our Britiſh peers thus court renown,
d grace the coats their great forefathers w
r arms would then triumphantly advance,
r Henry be the laſt that conquer'd France.
at might not England hope, if ſuch abroa
chas'd their country's honour with their b
en ſuch, detain'd at home, ſupport our ſta
William's ſtead, and bear a kingdom's weig
ſchemes of Gallic policy o'erthrow,
l blaſt the counſels of the common foe,
ct our armies, and diſtribute right,
l render our Maria's * loſs more light?
ſtop, my Muſe, th

...e, at length, the Britiſh ſhips appear!
...aſſau comes! and, as his fleet draws near,
... riſing maſts advance, the ſails grow white,
...nd all his pompous navy ſtotes in ſight.
Come, mighty Prince! deſir'd of Britain! come;
May Heav'n's propitious gales attend thee home!
Come, and let longing crowds behold that look
Which ſuch confuſion and amazement ſtrook
Thro' Gallic hoſts; but, oh! let us deſcry
Mirth in thy brow, and pleaſure in the eye;
Let nothing dreadful in thy face be found,
But for a while forget the trumpet's ſound;
Well pleas'd, thy people's loyalty approve,
Accept their duty, and enjoy their love:
For as, when lately mov'd with fierce delight,
You plung'd amidſt the tumult of the fight,
Whole heaps of death encompaſs'd you around,
And ſteeds o'erturn'd lay foaming on the ground;
So, crown'd with laurels now, where'er you go,
Around you blooming joys and peaceful bleſſings
flow.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

ON HIS PICTURE OF THE KING.

KNELLER! *with ſilence* and ſurpriſe
We ſee Britannia's monarch riſe,

His care of friends and ſcorn of foes:
In every ſtroke, in every line,
Does ſome exalted virtue ſhine,
And Albion's happineſs we trace
Thro' all the features of his face.
O may I live to hail the day
When the glad nation ſhall ſurvey
Their ſov'reign thro' his wide command,
Paſſing in progreſs o'er the land!
Each heart ſhall bend, and ev'ry voice
In loud applauding ſhouts rejoice,
Whilſt all his gracious aſpect praiſe,
And crowds grow loyal as they gaze.
The image on the medal placed,
With its bright round of titles graced.

Rejoic'd the metal to refine,
And ripen'd the Peruvian mine.
Thou, Kneller! long with noble pride,
The foremoſt of thy art, haſt vy'd
With Nature in a gen'rous ſtrife,
And touch'd the canvaſs into life:
Thy pencil has, by monarchs ſought,
From reign to reign in ermine wrought,
And, in the robes of ſtate array'd,
The kings of half an age diſplay'd.
Here ſwarthy Charles appears, and there
His brother with dejected air:
Triumphant Naſſau here we find,
And with him bright Maria join'd:
There Anna, great as when ſhe ſent
Her armies thro' the Continent,
Ere yet her hero was diſgrac'd:
O may fam'd Brunſwick be the laſt,
(Tho' Heav'n ſhould with my wiſh agree,
And long preſerve thy art in thee)
The laſt, the happieſt, Britiſh king,
Whom thou ſhalt paint or I ſhall ſing!
Wiſe Phidias thus, his ſkill to prove,
Thro' many a god advanc'd to Jove,
And taught the poliſh'd rocks to ſhine
With airs and lineaments divine,
Till Greece, amaz'd, and half afraid,
Th' aſſembled deities ſurvey'd.

Minerva, ſtudious to compoſe
Her twiſted threads; the web ſhe ſtrung,
And o'er a loom of marble hung:
Thetis, the troubled ocean's queen,
Match'd with a mortal, next was ſeen
Reclining on a fun'ral urn,
Her ſhort-liv'd darling ſon to mourn:
The laſt was he whoſe thunder flew
The Titan race, a rebel crew,
That from a hundred hills ally'd
In impious leagues their king defy'd.
This wonder of the ſculptor's hand
Produc'd, his art was at a ſtand;
For who would hope new fame to raiſe,
Or riſk his well-eſtabliſh'd praiſe

To her Royal Highneſs

THE PRINCESS OF WALES,

WITH THE TRAGEDY OF CATO. NOV. 1714.

THE Muſe that oft', with ſacred raptures fir'd,
Has gen'rous thoughts of liberty inſpir'd,
And, boldly riſing for Britannia's laws,
Engag'd great Cato in her country's cauſe,
On you ſubmiſſive waits, with hopes aſſur'd,
By whom the mighty bleſſing ſtands ſecur'd,
And all the glories that our age adorn
Are promis'd to a people yet unborn.
No longer ſhall the widow'd land bemoan
A broken lineage and a doubtful throne,
But boaſt her royal progeny's increaſe,
And count the pledges of her future peace.
O born to ſtrengthen and to grace our iſle!
While you, fair Princeſs! in your offspring ſmile,
Supplying charms to the ſucceeding age,
Each heav'nly daughter's triumph we preſage,
Already ſee th' illuſtrious youths complain,
And pity monarchs doom'd to ſigh in vain.
Thou, too, the darling of our fond deſires,
Whom Albion, opening wide her arms, requires
With manly valour and attractive air
Shalt quell the fierce and captivate the fair.

F.

And ſlight th' imperial diadem for thee.
Pleas'd with the proſpect of ſucceſſive reig
The tuneful tribe no more in daring ſtrains
Shall vindicate, with pious fears oppreſs'd,
Endanger'd rights, and liberty diſtreſs'd:
To milder ſounds each Muſe ſhall tune the ly
And gratitude and faith to kings inſpire,
And filial love; bid impious diſcord ceaſe,
And ſooth the madding factions into peace;
Or riſe ambitious in more lofty lays,
And teach the nation their new monarch's pr
Deſcribe his awful look and godlike mind,
And Cæſar's power with Cato's virtue join'd.
Mean-while, bright Princeſs! who with grace
And native majeſty are form'd to pleaſe,

, ou the kind indulgence will refuſe,
, in the labours of the deathleſs Muſe:
, deathleſs Muſe with undiminiſh'd rays
, hro' diſtant time the lovely dame conveys.
To Gloriana Waller's harp was ſtrung;
The queen ſtill ſhines, becauſe the poet ſung.
Ev'n all thoſe graces in your frame combin'd,
The common fate of mortal charms may find,
(Content our ſhort-liv'd praiſes to engage,
The joy and wonder of a ſingle age)
Unleſs ſome poet in a laſting ſong
To late poſterity their fame prolong,
Inſtruct our ſons the radiant form to prize,
And ſee your beauty with their fathers' eyes.

A SONG

FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY AT OXFORD.

I.

Cecilia! whoſe exalted hymns
With joy and wonder fill the bleſt,
In choirs of warbling ſeraphims
Known and diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt,
Attend, harmonious Saint! and ſee
Thy vocal ſons of Harmony;
Attend, harmonious Saint! and hear our pray'rs;
Enliven *all our* earthly airs,
And as thou ſing'ſt thy God, teach us to ſing of thee.

All bright Cecilia's name, their lays!
The organ labours in her praiſe.
Cecilia's name does all our numbers grace;
From ev'ry voice the tuneful accents fly;
In ſoaring trebles now it riſes high,
And now it ſinks, and dwells upon the baſe.
Cecilia's name thro' all the notes we ſing,
The work of ev'ry ſkilful tongue,
The ſound of every trembling ſtring,
The ſound and triumph of our ſong.

III.

For ever conſecrate the day
To muſic and Cecilia;
Muſic! the greateſt good that mortals know,
And all of heav'n we have below.

.f and lamb around him trip,
,ears in awkward meaſures leap,
.d tigers mingle in the dance:
The moving woods attended as he play'd,
And Rhodope was left without a ſhade.

IV.

Muſic religious heats inſpires;
It wakes the ſoul and lifts it high,
And wings it with ſublime deſires,
And fits it to beſpeak the Deity.
Th'Almighty liſtens to a tuneful tongue,
And ſeems well pleas'd and courted with a ſong.
Soft moving ſounds and heav'nly airs
Give force to ev'ry word, and recommend our pray'rs.
When time itſelf ſhall be no more,
And all things in confuſion hurl'd,
Muſic ſhall then exert its pow'r,
And ſound ſurvive the ruins of the world:
Then ſaints and angels ſhall agree
In one eternal jubilee;
All heav'n ſhall echo with their hymns divine,
And God himſelf with pleaſure ſee
The whole creation in a chorus join.

CHORUS.

Conſecrate the place and day
To muſic and Cecilia:
Let no rough winds approach, nor dare
Invade the hallow'd bounds,

And imitate the bleſs'd above
In joy, and harmony, and love.

THE CAMPAIGN,

A POEM.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF MARLBOROU

.....Rheni pacator et Iſtri.
Omnis in hoc uno variis diſcordia ceſſit
Ordinibus; laetatur eques, plaudítque ſenator,
Votaque patricio certant plebeia favori.
Claud. de Laud

Eſſe aliquam in terris gentem quae ſua impenſa, ſuo labore culo bella gerat pro libertate aliorum. Nec hoc finitimis, pinquae vicinitatis hominibus, aut terris continenti junctis; Maria trajiciat: ne quod toto orbe terrarum injuſtum impe et ubique jus, fas, lex, potentiſſima ſint. Liv. Hiſt. lib.

d tranſported with a theme ſo new,
ouſand wonders op'ning to my view
e forth at once; ſieges and ſtorms appear,
And wars and conqueſts fill th' important year;
Rivers of blood I ſee, and hills of ſlain,
An Iliad riſing out of one Campaign.
The haughty Gaul beheld, with tow'ring pride,
His ancient bounds enlarg'd on ev'ry ſide;
Pyrene's lofty barriers were ſubdu'd,
And in the midſt of his wide empire ſtood;
Auſonia's ſtates, the victor to reſtrain,
Oppos'd their Alps and Appennines in vain,
Nor found themſelves, with ſtrength of rocks immur'd,
Behind their everlaſting hills ſecur'd;
The riſing Danube its long race began,
And half its courſe thro' the new conqueſts ran;
Amaz'd and anxious for her ſov'reign's fates,
Germania trembled thro' a hundred ſtates;
Great Leopold himſelf was ſeiz'd with fear;
He gaz'd around, but ſaw no ſuccour near;
He gaz'd, and, half-abandon'd to deſpair,
His hopes on Heav'n, and confidence in pray'r.
To Britain's Queen the nations turn their eyes;
On her reſolves the weſtern world relies,
Confiding ſtill, amidſt its dire alarms,
In Anna's councils and in Churchill's arms.
Thrice happy Britain! from the kingdoms rent,
To fit the guardian of the Continent!

d ſo high, $.
e's eye:
:tune's ſport,
ı court;
riſe,
dſhip's holy ties: 4
ı'd ſmiles they ſhar
ength in war;
public voice,
pproves their choic
loſt,
plaud 'em moſt.
warm the ſky,
rs fly:
ı begun,

,odlike leader, ere the ſtream he paſt,
ighty ſcheme of all his labours caſt,
ning the wondrous year within his thought ;
is boſom glow'd with battles yet unfought.
The long laborious march he firſt ſurveys,
And joins the diſtant Danube to the Maeſe,
Between whoſe floods ſuch pathleſs foreſts grow,
Such mountains riſe, ſo many rivers flow :
The toil looks lovely in the hero's eyes,
And danger ſerves but to enhance the prize.
Big with the fate of Europe, he renews
His dreadful courſe, and the proud foe purſues.
Infected by the burning Scorpion's heat,
The ſultry gales round his chaf'd temples beat,
Till on the borders of the Mayne he finds
Defenſive ſhadows and refreſhing winds.
Our Britiſh youth, with inborn freedom bold,
Unnumber'd ſcenes of ſervitude behold,
Nations of ſlaves, with tyranny debas'd,
(Their Maker's image more than half defac'd)
Hourly inſtructed, as they urge their toil,
To prize their queen, and love their native ſoil.
Still to the riſing ſun they take their way
Thro' clouds of duſt, and gain upon the day :
When now the Neckar on its friendly coaſt
With cooling ſtreams revives the fainting hoſt,
That *cheerfully* his labours paſt forgets,
The midnight watches and the noonday heats.

paſs,
in graſs)
lain

from far 95
ar,
limbs,
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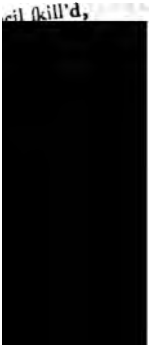
urn,
urn;
ch'd-out rays
ze with blaze.
he field. 105
il (kill'd,



ſpeed they march with freſh delight,
and require the fight.
ound the trembling deer purſues,
otſteps in the tainted dews,
k unrav'lling by degrees;
nt comes warm in ev'ry breeze,
approach, he ſhoots away
h, and bears upon his prey.
ncludes, the various realms are paſt,
hellemberg appears at laſt:
ɔiring ramparts riſe on high,
ıeir feet the trenches lie;
'ries guard each fatal paſs,
ruction; rows of hollow braſs,
ɛ, the dreadful entrance keep,
ombs ten thouſand thunders ſleep:
ıwns, charm'd with the glorious fight,
ıid by ſuch a promis'd fight.
ın now ſhot a feeble ray,
:er'd the remains of day:
h'd; but, oh! what hoſt of foes
:hold that ev'ning cloſe!
ranks, and wedg'd in firm array,
ſted Britons win their way:
ɔn their throng'd war defac'd
:ath, and laid the battle waſte;
ward to the fight, they broke
ulphur and a night of ſmoke,

i fill'd the trench below,
.vengers to the foe.
he mingling hoſts engage;
:o tenfold rage,
, and with ſtorms of fire,
ps on heaps expire;
ıix'd confus'dly die,
ſcuous carnage lie.
Britons meet their doom,
ıeroes in the bloom!
that left their native ſhore
ıs never march'd before,
O glorious heat,
brave and great!)
ne, ſuch dangers paſt,

[illegible] for thy life abate
[illegible] of danger and contempt of fate:
[illegible] liv'st not for thyself; thy Queen demands
[illegible]quest and peace from thy victorious hands;
Kingdoms and empires in thy fortune join,
And Europe's destiny depends on thine.
At length the long-disputed pass they gain,
By crowded armies fortify'd in vain.
The war breaks in; the fierce Bavarians yield,
And see their camp with British legions fill'd.
So Belgian mounds bear on their shatter'd sides
The sea's whole weight increas'd with swelling tides;
But if the rushing wave a passage finds,
Enrag'd by wat'ry moons and warring winds,
The trembling peasant sees his country round
Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drown'd.
The few surviving foes dispers'd in flight,
(Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a fight)
In ev'ry rustling wind the victor hear,
And Maribro's form in ev'ry shadow fear,
Till the dark cope of night with kind embrace
Befriends the rout, and covers their disgrace.
To Donavert, with unresisted force,
The gay victorious army bends its course.
The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields
Whatever spoils Bavaria's summer yields,
(The Danube's great increase) Britannia shares
The food of armies and support of wars:

troops, that now behind the Danube join,
l ſhortly ſeek for ſhelter from the Rhine,
find it there: ſurrounded with alarms,
u hop'ſt th' aſſiſtance of the Gallic arms;
Gallic arms in ſafety ſhall advance, 21
crowd thy ſtandards with the pow'r of France
le, to exalt thy doom, th' aſpiring Gaul
es thy deſtruction, and adorns thy fall.
ıbounded courage and compaſſion join'd,
p'ring each other in the victor's mind, 22
nately proclaim him good and great;
make the hero and the man complete.
did he ſtrive th' obdurate foe to gain
offer'd grace, but long he ſtrove in vain,
fir'd at length, he thinks it vain to ſpare 225
ſing wrath, and gives a looſe to war.
ngeance rous'd the ſoldier fills his hand

Nick woods the woolly flocks retreat,
Mix'd with bellowing herds, confus'dly bleat;
Or trembling lords the common ſhade partake,
And cries of infants ſound in ev'ry brake:
The liſt'ning ſoldier fix'd in ſorrow ſtands,
Loath to obey his leader's juſt commands;
The leader grieves, by gen'rous pity ſway'd,
To ſee his juſt commands ſo well obey'd.
But now the trumpet, terrible from far,
In ſhriller clangors animates the war,
Confed'rate drums in fuller conſort beat,
And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat:
Gallia's proud ſtandards, to Bavaria's join'd,
Unfurl their gilded lilies in the wind;
The daring prince his blaſted hopes renews,
And while the thick embattled hoſt he views
Stretch'd out in deep array and dreadful length,
His heart dilates, and glories in his ſtrength.
The fatal day its mighty courſe began,
That the griev'd world had long deſir'd in vain:
States that their new captivity bemoan'd,
Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,
Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,
And pray'rs in bitterneſs of ſoul preferr'd,
Europe's loud cries, that Providence aſſail'd,
And Anna's ardent vows at length prevail'd:
The day was come when Heav'n deſign'd to ſhow
His care and conduct of the world below.

Yet do their beating [illegible]
And thirſt of glory quells the love of li
No vulgar fears can Britiſh minds conti
Heat of revenge, and noble pride of fou
O'erlook the foe, advantag'd by his poſ
Leſſen his numbers, and contract his h
Tho' fens and floods poſſeſs'd the mid
That unprovok'd they would have fear'
Nor fens nor floods can ſtop Britannia
When her proud foe rang'd on their b

But, O! my Muſe, what numbers
To ſing the furious troops in battle jo
Methinks I hear the drums' tumultu
The victors' ſhouts and dying groans
[illegible]dful burſt of cannon rend t

So when an angel, by divine command,
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast,
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.
But see! the haughty Houshold-troops advance,
The dread of Europe, and the pride of France:
The war's whole art each private soldier knows,
And with a gen'ral's love of conquest glows:
Proudly he marches on, and, void of fear,
Laughs at the shaking of the British spear.
Vain insolence! with native freedom brave,
The meanest Briton scorns the highest slave;
Contempt and fury fire their souls by turns,
Each nation's glory in each warrior burns;
Each fights as in his arm th' important day,
And all the fate of his great monarch lay:
A thousand glorious actions, that might claim
Triumphant laurels and immortal fame,
Confus'd in crowds of glorious actions lie,
And troops of heroes undistinguish'd die.
O Dormer! how can I behold thy fate,
And not the wonders of thy youth relate?
How can I see the gay, the brave, the young,
Fall in the cloud of war, and lie unsung!
In joys of conquest he resigns his breath,
And, fill'd with England's glory, smiles in death.

'Midſt heaps of [illegible]
Lie in the Danube's bloody whirlpools drown'
Troops of bold youths, borne on the diſtant
Or ſounding borders of the rapid Rhône,
Or where the Siene her flow'ry fields divides,
Or where the Loire thro' winding vineyards
In heaps the rolling billows ſweep away,
And into Scythian ſeas their bloated corpſe
From Blenheim's tow'rs the Gaul, with wild
Beholds the various havoc of the fight;
His waving banners, that ſo oft' had ſtood
Planted in fields of death and ſtreams of bl
So wont the guarded enemy to reach,
And riſe triumphant in the fatal breach,
Or pierce the broken foe's remoteſt lines,
The hardy veteran with tears reſigns.
Unfortunate Tallard! oh! who can nam
[illegible] of rage, of ſorrow, and of ſham

An Engliſh Muſe is touch'd with gen'rous woe,
And in th' unhappy man forgets the foe.
Greatly diſtreſs'd! thy loud complaints forbear;
Blame not the turns of Fate and chance of war;
Give thy brave foes their due, nor bluſh to own
The fatal field by ſuch great leaders won;
The field whence fam'd Eugenio bore away
Only the ſecond honours of the day.

With floods of gore that from the vanquiſh'd fell,
The marſhes ſtagnate and the rivers ſwell.
Mountains of ſlain lie heap'd upon the ground,
Or 'midſt the roarings of the Danube drown'd:
Whole captive hoſts the conqueror detains
In painful bondage and inglorious chains:
Ev'n thoſe who 'ſcape the fetters and the ſword,
Nor ſeek the fortunes of a happier lord,
Their raging king diſhonours, to complete
Marlbrô's great work, and finiſh the defeat.

From Memminghen's high domes and Augſburg's walls,
The diſtant battle drives th' inſulting Gauls;
Freed by the terror of the victor's name,
The reſcu'd ſtates his great protection claim;
Whilſt Ulme th' approach of her deliv'rer waits,
And longs to open her obſequious gates.

The hero's breaſt ſtill ſwells with great deſigns;
In ev'ry thought the tow'ring genius ſhines:
If to the foe his dreadful courſe he bends,
O'er the wide Continent his march extends.

. fate of Europe turns on its ...
at diſtant land, what region, can afford
. action worthy his victorious ſword?
here will he next the flying Gaul defeat,
› make the ſeries of his toils complete?
Where the ſwoln Rhine, ruſhing with all its fc
›ivides the hoſtile nations in its courſe,
While each contracts its bounds, or wider grows,
Enlarg'd or ſtraiten'd as the river flows,
On Gallia's ſide a mighty bulwark ſtands,
That all the wide-extended plain commands;
Twice, ſince the war was kindled, has it try'd
The victor's rage, and twice has chang'd its ſic
As oft' whole armies, with a prize o'erjoy'd,
Have the long ſummer on its walls employ'd.
Hither our mighty chief his arms directs,
... future triumphs from the war expects
... had its courſe begu

n as the victorious hoſt he ſpies,
hill to hill, from ſtream to ſtream, he flies;
ch dire impreſſions in his heart remain
Of Marlbrô's ſword and Hockſtet's fatal plain.
In vain Britannia's mighty chief beſets
Their ſhady coverts and obſcure retreats;
They fly the conqueror's approaching fame,
That bears the force of armies in his name.
Auſtria's young monarch, whoſe imperial ſway
Sceptres and thrones are deſtin'd to obey,
Whoſe boaſted anceſtry ſo high extends,
That in the Pagan gods his lineage ends,
Comes from afar, in gratitude to own
The great ſupporter of his father's throne.
What tides of glory to his boſom ran,
Claſp'd in th' embraces of the godlike man!
How were his eyes with pleaſing wonder fix'd,
To ſee ſuch fire with ſo much ſweetneſs mix'd,
Such eaſy greatneſs, ſuch a graceful port,
So turn'd and finiſh'd for the camp or court!
Achilles thus was form'd with ev'ry grace,
And Nireus ſhone but in the ſecond place;
Thus the great father of almighty Rome
(Divinely fluſh'd with an immortal bloom
That Cytherea's fragrant breath beſtow'd)
In all the charms of his bright mother glow'd.
The *royal youth* by Marlbrô's preſence charm'd,
Taught by his counſels, by his actions warm'd,

To Belgian coasts his tedious march renews,
And the long windings of the Rhine purſue:
Clearing its borders from uſurping foes,
And bleſs'd by reſcu'd nations as he goes.
Treves fears no more, freed from its dire ala
And Traerbach feels the terror of his arms,
Seated on rocks her proud foundations ſhak
While Marlbrô preſſes to the bold attack,
Plants all his batt'ries, bids his cannon roar,
And ſhows how Landau might have fall'n b
Scar'd at his near approach, great Louis fea
Vengeance reſerv'd for his declining years,
Forgets his thirſt of univerſal ſway,
And ſcarce can teach his ſubjects to obey;
His arms he finds on vain attempts employ'd

By her th' unfetter'd Iſter's ſtates are free,
And taſte the ſweets of Engliſh liberty:
But who can tell the joys of thoſe that lie
Beneath the conſtant influence of her eye!
Whilſt in diffuſive ſhow'rs her bounties fall
Like Heav'n's indulgence, and deſcend on all,
Secure the happy, ſuccour the diſtreſs'd,
Make ev'ry ſubject glad, and a whole people bleſs'd.
  Thus would I fain Britannia's wars rehearſe,
In the ſmooth records of a faithful verſe,
That, if ſuch numbers can o'er time prevail,
May tell poſterity the wondrous tale.
When actions, unadorn'd, are faint and weak,
Cities and countries muſt be taught to ſpeak;
Gods may deſcend in factions from the ſkies,
And rivers from their oozy beds ariſe;
Fiction may deck the truth with ſpurious rays,
And round the hero caſt a borrow'd blaze:
Marlbrô's exploits appear divinely bright,
And proudly ſhine in their own native light;
Rais'd of themſelves, their genuine charms they boaſt,
And thoſe who paint 'em trueſt praiſe 'em moſt.

IN VERSI INGLESI.

E tradotta in verſi Toſcani *.

Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,
Magna virum! tibi res antiquae laudis et artis
Aggredior, ſanctos auſus recludere fontes. VIRG

MENTRE, Signor, l'ombre villeſche attrag
E di Britannia dagli ufici toltovi
Non piu, ch' a ſuoi ingrati figli piaccia
Per lor vantaggio, voſtro ozio immolate;
Me in eſteri regni il fato invia
Entro genti feconde in carmi eterni,
U la dolce ſtagion, e'l vago clima

...te ivi Musa accordò l'arpa,
...on cantato niun colle sorgevi,
...ebre in versi ivi ogni pianta cresce,
...in celeste armonia ciascun rio corre.
Come mi giova a cercar poggi e boschi
Per chiare fonti, e celebrati fumi!
Alla Nera veder fiera in suo corso,
Tracciar Clitumno chiaro in sua sorgente!
Veder condur sua schiera d'acque il Mincio
Per lunghi giri di feconda ripa!
E d'Albula canuta il guado infetto
Suo caldo letto di fumante solfo!
Di mille estasi accese, io sopraveggio
Correre il Po per praterie fiorite
Da fiumi re, che sovra i pian scorrendo,
Le torreggianti Alpi in natia muraglia
Della metà di loro umore asciuga;
Superbo, e gonfio dell' hiberne nevi
L' abbondanza comparte ov' egli corre.
Talor smarrito dal drappel sonoro,
I rii rimiro immortalati in canto,
Che giaccionsi in silenzio, e obblio perduti,
(Muti i lor fonti son, secche lor vene)
Pur, per senno di Muse, ei son perenni,
Lor mormorio perenne in tersi carmi.
Talora al gentil Tebro io mi ritiro,
Le vote ripe del gran fiume ammiro,
Che privo di poter suo corso tragge

E [illegible],
Quando per vostri versi, e per la spada
Di Nassò, rinomato, l' onde sue
Levate in alto per mondo risuonano,
Ovunque dello eroe le divin' opre,
E ove andrà fama d' immortal verso.
Oh l' estatico mio petto inspirasse
Musa con un furor simile al vostro,
Infinite bellezze avria 'l mio verso,
Cederia di Virgilio a quel l' Italia!
Mira quali auree selve attorno ridonmi!
Che della tempestosa di Britannia
Isola sì ne schivano la costa;
O trapiantate, e con pensier guardate,
Maledicon la fredda regione,

Ove i ponenti eterna han reſidenza,
Tutte Stagioni lor pompa profondono;
Germogli, e frutti, e fiori, inſieme allegano,
E in gaia confuſion ſta l' anno tutto.
Glorie immortali in mia mente rivolgo,
Combatton nel cuor mio ben mille affetti,
Allorache di Roma l' eſaltate
Bellezze giu giacerſi io mi diſcuopro,
Magnificenti in moli di rovine.
D' anfiteatro una ſtupenda altezza
Di terror miriempie e di diletto,
Che Roma ne ſuoi publici ſpettacoli
Diſpopolava, e nazioni intere
Agiatamente in ſuo grembo capia:
Paſſanvi i ciel colonne aſpre d' intaglio,
Di trionfo ſuperbi archi là ſorgono,
U de priſchi Roman l' immortal' opre
Diſpiegate alla viſta ognor rinfacciano
La vile loro tralignata ſtirpe:
Qui tutti e fiumi laſcian gia lor piani,
Per aerei condotti in alto corrono.
Sempre a novelle ſcene mia vagante
Muſa sì ſi ritragge, e muta ammira
L' alto ſpettacol d' animate rupi,
Ove moſtrò ſcalpel tutta ſua forza,
Ed in carne addolcì ſcabroſo ſaſſo.
In ſolenne ſilenzio, in maeſtade
Eroi ſtannoſi, e Dei, e Roman Conſoli:

Spontar l'arte divina, e far vedere
Gl' immortali lavori nel mio verſo,
Là ve da miſta forza d'ombre, e luce
Nuova creazion ſorge a mia viſta;
Tai celeſti figure eſcon da ſue
Pennello, e i mobili ſuoi colori
Caldi di vita così ne sfavillano,
Di ſoggetto in ſoggetto d'un ſegreto
Piacer preſo, e infiammato attorno io giro
Tra la ſoave varietà perduto:
Mio ſtrabilito ſpirto qua confondono
Arie vezzoſe in circolanti note
Paſſeggianti, e in ſonori labirinti;
Cupole e templi a' alzan là in diſtanti
Vedute, ed in palazi aperti ed ampli

i di Natura, e i vezzi d' Arte,
ntre altiera Oppreſſion regna in ſue valli,
Tirannia ſuoi pian felici uſurpa?
Il povreo abitante mira indarno
Il roſſeggiante arancio, e 'l pingue grano:
Creſcer dolente ei mira ed oli e vini,
E de mirti odorar l'ombra ſi ſdegna;
In mezzo alla bontà de la Natura
Maledetto languiſce, e dentro a cariche
Di vino vigne muore per la ſete.
O Libertà! o dea celeſte, e bella,
Di ben profuſa, e pregna di diletto!
Piaceri eterni te preſente regnano,
Guida tuo gaio tren lieta Doviziа;
Vien nel ſuo peſo Suggezion più lieve,
Povertà ſembra allegra in tua veduta;
Fai di Natura il viſo oſcuro gaio,
Doni al ſole bellezza, al giorno gioia.
Te Dea, te la Britanniа iſola adora;
Come ha ſovente elle ogni ben ſuo eſauſto,
E ſpeſſo t' ha di morte in campi cerco!
Niuno penſa il tuo poſſente pregio
A troppo caro prezzo eſſer comprato.
Può ſopra eſteri monti il ſole i grappoli
Per dolce ſugo maturare a vino,
Di boſchi di cedrati ornare il ſuolo,
Confiar la graſſa oliva in flutti d' olio;
Non invidiamo il più fervente clima

E le ſuperbe ambiziose cupole,
Un gentil colpo a una vil tela dare,
Od inſegnar ſaſſi animati a vivere;
D'Europa ſul deſtin vegliar Britannia
Ha cura, e bilanciar gli emuli ſtati;
Di guerra minacciare arditi regi,
Degli afflitti vicini udire i preghi.
Danno e Suecco, attaccati in fiere allarme,
Di lor armi pietoſe benedicono
La prudente condotta, e 'l buon governo;
Teſto che poi le noſtre flotte appaiono,
Ceſſano tutti i lor ſpaventi, e in pace
Tutto il ſettentrional mondo ſi giace.
L'ambizioſo Gallo con ſegreto
Tremito vede all' aſpirante ſua

Del nome acceſo, cui ſovente ho trovo
Remoti climi, e lingue riſonare,
Con pena imbrigliо mia lottante Muſa,
Che ama lanciarſi in più ardita prova.
Ma io di già hovvi turbato aſſai,
Nè tentar oſo un più ſublime canto:
Più dolce thema il baſſo verſo chiedemi,
Fioriti prati o gorgoglianti rivi;
Mai proprio per gli eroi, che i carmi eterni
Quai di Virgilio, o voſtri onorar debbono.

alve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,
Magna virum: tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis
Aggredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes. VIRG. Georg. 2.

WHILE you, my Lord, the rural shades admire,
And from Britannia's public posts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
Nor their advantage sacrifice your ease,
But into foreign realms my fate conveys,
Thro' nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the soft season and inviting clime
Inspire to trouble your repose with rhyme.
For whereso'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise;

Smile around,

...ew the Nar, tumultuous in his courſe,
...d trace the ſmooth Clitumnus to his ſource!
...ſee the Mincio draw his wat'ry ſtore
...ro' the long windings of a fruitful ſhore!
...nd hoary Albula's infected tide
O'er the warm bed of ſmoking ſulphur glide!
Fir'd with a thouſand raptures, I ſurvey
Eridanus thro' flow'ry meadows ſtray,
The king of floods! that, rolling o'er the plains,
The tow'ring Alps of half their moiſture drains,
And proudly ſwoln with a whole winter's ſnows,
Diſtributes wealth and plenty where he flows.
Sometimes, miſguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for ſtreams immortaliz'd in ſong,
That loſt in ſilence and oblivion lie,
(Dumb are their fountains and their channels dry)
Yet run for ever by the Muſes' ſkill,
And in the ſmooth deſcription murmur ſtill.
Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
And the fam'd river's empty ſhores admire,
That, deſtitute of ſtrength, derives it courſe
From thrifty urns and an unfruitful ſource,
Yet ſung ſo often in poetic lays,
With ſcorn the Danube and the Nile ſurveys;
So high the deathleſs Muſe exalts her theme!
Such was the Boyn, a poor inglorious ſtream,
That in *Hibernian* vales obſcurely ſtray'd,
And, unobſerv'd, in wild meanders play'd,

warmth like your's, and ...
umber'd beauties in my verſe ſhould ſhine,
Virgil's Italy ſhould yield to mine!
ee how the golden groves around me ſmile!
at ſhun the coaſt of Britain's ſtormy iſle;
when tranſplanted, and preſerv'd with care,
ırſe the cold clime, and ſtarve in northern air.
ere kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments
o nobler taſtes and more exalted ſcents;
v'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds ſend out a rich perfume.
Bear me, ſome god, to Baia's gentle ſeats,
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats,
Where weſtern gales eternally reſide,
" the Seaſons laviſh all their pride;
— together riſe.

on its public ſhows unpeopled Rome,
d held, uncrowded, nations in its womb:
e pillars rough with ſculpture pierce the ſkies,
d here the proud triumphal arches riſe,
here the old Romans deathleſs acts diſplay'd
Their baſe degen'rate progeny upbraid:
Whole rivers here forſake the fields below,
And wond'ring at their height thro'airy channels flow.
Still to new ſcenes my wand'ring Muſe retires,
And the dumb ſhow of breathing rocks admires,
Where the ſmooth chiſſel all its force has ſhown,
And ſoften'd into fleſh the rugged ſtone.
In ſolemn ſilence, a majeſtic band,
Heroes, and gods, and Roman conſuls, ſtand,
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And emperors in Parian marble frown;
While the bright dames, to whom they humbly ſu'd,
Still ſhow the charms that their proud hearts ſubdu'd.
Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearſe,
And ſhow th' immortal labours in my verſe,
Where from the mingled ſtrength of ſhade and light
A new creation riſes to my ſight;
Such heav'nly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colours glow,
From theme to theme with ſecret pleaſure toſt,
Amidſt the ſoft variety I'm loſt.
Here pleaſing airs my raviſh'd ſoul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of ſound;

looming mountain,
all the gifts that heav'n and earth impart,
ſmiles of Nature and the charms of Art,
le proud Oppreſſion in her vallies reigns,
l Tyranny uſurps her happy plains?
: poor inhabitant beholds in vain
: redd'ning orange and the ſwelling grain;
'leſs he ſees the growing oils and wines,
ıd in the myrtle's fragrant ſhade repines
arves, in the midſt of Nature's bounty curſt,
nd in the loaden vineyard dies for thirſt.
Oh, Liberty! thou goddeſs heav'nly bright,
rofuſe of bliſs, and pregnant with delight!
ternal pleaſures in thy preſence reign,
nd ſmiling Plenty leads thy wanton train;
[illegible]ion grows more light,

Reign mountains may the ſun refine
The grape's ſoft juice, and mellow it to wine,
With citron groves adorn a diſtant ſoil,
And the fat olive ſwell with floods of oil;
We envy not the warmer clime that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent ſkies,
Nor at the coarſeneſs of our heav'n repine,
Tho' o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads ſhine;
'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's iſle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains ſmile.
Others with tow'ring piles may pleaſe the ſight,
And in their proud aſpiring domes delight,
A nicer touch to the ſtretch'd canvaſs give,
Or teach their animated rocks to live;
'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,
And hold in balance each contending ſtate;
To threaten bold preſumptuous kings with war,
And anſwer her afflicted neighbours' pray'r.
The Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
Bleſs the wiſe conduct of her pious arms;
Soon as her fleets appear their terrors ceaſe,
And all the Northern world lies huſh'd in peace.
Th' ambitious Gaul beholds with ſecret dread
Her thunder aim'd at his aſpiring head,
And fain her godlike ſons would diſunite
By foreign gold, or by domeſtic ſpite;
But ſtrives in vain to conquer or divide
Whom *Naſſau's* arms defend and counſels guide.

My humble verſe demands a ſofter ſt
A painted meadow or a purling ſtrea
Unfit for heroes, whom immortal lay
And lines like Virgil's, or like your's

PROLOGUE

TO PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS*.

Spoken by Mr. Wilks.

race of heroes fill'd the ſtage,
r note, and thro' the gamut rage;
l airs expreſs their martial fire,
rills, and in a feuge expire;
by ſound, and undiſturb'd by wit,
rene you indolently ſit,
ıe dull fatigue of thinking free,
:etious fiddles repartee:
ıun authors muſt forſake the field,
peare to the ſoft Scarletti yield.
new taſte the poet of this day
iend advis'd to form his play.
ni, muſically coy,
ædra's arms, and ſcorn'd the proffer'd joy,
ıov'd your wonder to have ſeen
ly from an enamour'd queen:
it pleaſe ſhould ſhe in Engliſh ſpeak,
Hippolitus reply in Greek?
anger to your modiſh way,
rules muſt ſtand or fall to-day,
you will your foreign taſte command
once, with what you underſtand.

* *Phædra and Hippolitus*, a tragedy, written by Mr. Edmund Smith.

The raw unpractis'd authors could, with
A young and unexperienc'd audience plea
No ſingle character had e'er been ſhown,
But the whole herd of fops was all their c
Rich in originals, they ſet to view,
In every piece, a coxcomb that was new.

But now our Britiſh theatre can boaſt,
Drolls of all kinds, a vaſt unthinking hoſ
Fruitful of folly and of vice, it ſhows
Cuckolds, and cits, and bawds, and pimps,
Rough country knights are found of ev'ry
Of ev'ry faſhion gentle fops appear;
And punks of diff'rent characters we me
As frequent on the ſtage as in the pit.

ve of pleaſure or of place invites,
ſometimes catch him taking ſnuff at White's.
owe'er, to do you right, the preſent age
ds very hopeful monſters for the ſtage,
at ſcorn the paths their dull forefathers trod,
d won't be blockheads in the common road.
e but ſurvey this crowded houſe to-night;
—Here's ſtill encouragement for thoſe that write.
Our author, to divert his friends to-day,
Stocks with variety of fools his play,
And that there may be ſomething gay and new,
Two ladies-errant has expos'd to view;
The firſt a damſel travell'd in romance,
The other more refin'd, ſhe comes from France;
Reſcue, like courteous knights, the nymph from danger,
And kindly treat, like well-bred men, the ſtranger.

EPILOGUE

TO THE BRITISH ENCHANTERS *.

When Orpheus tun'd his lyre with pleaſing woe,
Rivers forgot to run and winds to blow,
While liſt'ning foreſts cover'd, as he play'd,
The ſoft muſician in a moving ſhade.
That this night's ſtrains the ſame ſucceſs may find,
The force of muſic is to muſic join'd;

* *A dramatic Poem*, written by the Lord Lanſdow

The same dull sights in the same manner
Scenes of still life, and points for ever fix'd
A tedious pleasure on the mind bestow,
And pall the sense with one continu'd show
But as our two magicians try their skill,
The vision varies, tho' the place stands still
While the same spot its gaudy form renews
Shifting the prospect to a thousand views.
Thus (without unity of place transgrest)
Th' Enchanter turns the critic to a jest.

But howsoe'er, to please your wand'ring
Bright objects disappear and brighter rise,
There's none can make amends for lost del
While from that circle we divert your sight

POEMATA.

HONORATISSIMO VIRO

CAROLO MONTAGU

ARMIGERO,

SCACCHARII CANCELLARIO,

ÆRARII PRÆFECTO,

REGI A SECRETIORIBUS CONSILIIS, ETC.

Cum tanta auribus tuis obſtrepat vatum nequiſſimorum turba, nihil eſt cur queraris aliquid inuſitatum tibi contigiſſe, ubi præclarum hoc argumentum meis etiam numeris violatum conſpexeris. Quantum virtute bellica præſtant Britanni, recens ex rebus geſtis teſtatur gloria; quam vero in humanioribus Pacis ſtudiis non emineamus, indicio ſunt quos nuper in lucem emiſimus verſiculi. Quod ſi Congrevius ille tuus divino, quo ſolet, furore correptus materiam hanc non exornaſſet, vix tanti eſſet ipſa Pax, ut illa lætaremur tot perditiſſimis Poetis tam miſere decantata. At, dum alios inſector, mei ipſius oblitus fuiſſe videor, qui haud minores forſan ex Latinis tibi moleſtias *allaturus ſum*, quam quas illi ex vernaculis *ſuis carminibus* attulerunt; niſi quod inter ipſos cru-

Humanitatis tuæ

Cultor devotissimus,

JOSEPHUS ADDISON.

PAX GULIELMI

AUSPICIIS EUROPÆ REDDITA, 1697.

Postquam ingens clamorque virum, strepitusque tubarum,
Atque omnis belli cecidit fragor; aspice, Cæsar,
Quæ tibi soliciti, turba importuna, Poetæ
Munera deducunt: generosæ a pectore flammæ,
Direque armorum effigies, simulachraque belli
Tristia diffugiant: O tandem absiste triumphis
Expletus, ponitusque animo totum excute Martem.
Non ultra ante oculos numeroso milite campi
Miscentur, solito nec fervent arva tumultu;
Stat circum alta quies, curvoque inhibitus aratro
Desertas fossas, et castra minantia castris
Rusticus invertit, tacita formidine lustrans
Horroremque loci, et funestos stragibus agros.
Jamque super vallum et munimina longa virescit
Expectata seges, jam propugnacula rident
Vere novo; insuetos mirabitur incola culmos,
Luxuriemque soli, et turgentem a sanguine messem.
Aspicis ut toto exercitus venit advena mundo
Bellorum invisens sedem, et confessa ruinis
Oppida, et eversos flammarum turbine muros!
Ut trepidos rerum annales, tristemque laborum
Inquirit Gerlem, attonitis ut spectat ocellis

Vexillum ...
Budenses palmæ, peregrinaque laurus o
Ille ruens aciem in mediam, qua ferrea
Sparsa furit circum, et plumbi densissimu
Sulphuream noctem, tetrasque bitumine
Ingreditur, crebroque rubentem fulgure
Ut vario anfractu, et disjectis undique si
Mœnia discedunt, scopulisque immane r
Desuper horrificis, et formidabile pend
Hic pestem occultam, et fœcundas si
Cernere erat, magno quas inter mota t
Prælia fervebant; subito cum claustra
Horrendum disrupta tonant, semiustac
Fumantesque artus, laniataque corpor
Corripit informe, et rotat ater in æth
... ...cladi dejecit fulm

s hîc Auriaci nuper vexillà ſecutæ
re acies, hic, aſpera corda, Britanni,
ıſque ferox, et juncto fœdere Belga;
:ruci Boreæ, et cœlo damnatus iniquo
;it in tenebris; et qui dudum ore peruſto
admoti prodit veſtigia Phœbi:
conveniunt, totum conſcripta per orbem
Naſſovique latus ſocialibus armis
ıſa tegunt, fremituſque et murmura miſcent,
io disjuncta ſitu, tot diſſona linguis.
nen e mediis, Doctor Fortiſſime *, turmis
'u vitam (ſi quid mea carmina poſſunt)
, popolique encomia ſera futuri,
ırias edoctum artes, ſtudiiſque Minervæ
ornatum Marti Rhedycina furenti
invita, et tanto ſe jactat alumno.
mpe ardorem, atque immenſos pectoris æſtus
ır Arctoum, aut noſtri penuria cœli,
a torridior, qua ſol intentius omnes
radios, totique obnoxia Phœbo
)genuit, teneriſque incoxit ab annis
ı immodicam, et generoſæ incendia mentis.
uoque torpentem qui infelix ſuſpicit Arcton,
que æternam friguſque perambulat, urſæ
exuviis, Gulielmi ingentia facta
ſociis, pugnataque in ordine bella

* *Dom. Chriſtoph. Codrington, unus ex Regii Sa-
cefectis.*

Quæ facies, et quanta viri! quo verti
Aſſurgit! quali firmat veſtigia greſſu,
Majeſtate rudi, et torvo ſpectabilis or
Sic olim Alcides, immania membra
Inſtratus ſpoliis, vaſta ſe mole ferebat,
Evandri amplexus dextramque adjun
Cum peteret, tectiſque ingens ſuccede
Dum pugnas, Gulielme, tuas, camp
Accipit, in venis ebullit vividus humo
Corda micant crebro, et mentem ferit
Non jam Riphæos hoſtis populabitur
Impune, aut agitabit inultas Sarmata
Quis tamen ille procul fremitus!
vulgi

Optatus tibi Cæſar adeſt, nec ut ante videbis
Solicitum belli ſtudiis, fatalia Gallo
Conſilia et tacitas verſantem in pectore pugnas.
Olli grata quies et pax tranquilla verendum
Compoſuit vultum, lætoſque afflavit honores.
Ut denſo circum ſe plurimus agmine miles
Agglomerat lateri! ut patriam veteresque penates
Reſpicit exultans! juvat oſtentare recentes
Ore cicatrices, et vulnera cruda, notaſque
Mucronum inſignes, afflataque ſulphure membra.
Chara ſtupet conjux, reduciſque incerta mariti
Veſtigat faciem; trepida formidine proles
Stat procul, et patrios horreſcit neſcia vultus.
Ille graves caſus, duri et diſcrimina belli
Enumerat, tumidiſque inſtaurat prœlia verbis.
Sic, poſtquam in patriam fœcunda heroibus Argo
Phryxeam attulerat pellem, lanamque rigentem
Expoſuit Graiis, et tortile velleris aurum,
Navita terrificis infamia littora monſtris
Deſcribit, mixto ſpirantem incendia fumo
Serpentem, vigileſque feras, plauſtroque gementes
Inſolito tauros, et anhelos igne juvencos.
Te tamen, O quantis Gulielme erepte periclis,
Accipimus reducem: tibi Diva Britannia fundit
Plebemque et proceres: medias quacunque per urbes
Ingrederis, crebræ conſurgunt undique pompæ,
Gaudiaque et plauſus: mixto ordine vulgus euntem
Circumſtat fremitu denſo: tibi Jupiter annum

Cæſareum ſpirant, majeſtatemque
Infundunt puero! ut mater formoſa ſe
Auguſtam frontem, et ſublimia tempe
Agnoſco faciem ambiguam, mixtoſque
Ille tuus, Gulielme, acies, et triſtia bel
Pugnaſque innocua dudum ſub imagir
Nunc indignanti ſimilis fugitiva puſill
Terga premit turmæ, et falſis terrorib
Sternitque exiguum fictо cognomine
Nunc ſimulat turres, et propugnacula
Nominibus ſignat variis; ſubitoque t
Sedulus infirmas arces, humilemque
Diruit: interea generoſæ in pectore
Aſſurgunt ſenſim juveni, notat ignis
Purpureo fervore genas, et amabilis

Flagrantesque hyemes; crepitantia sidera passim
Scintillant, totoque pluunt incendia cœlo.
Nec minus in terris vulcanus mille figuras
Induit, ignivomasque feras, et fulgida monstra,
Terribiles visu formas! hic membra leonis
Hispida mentitur, tortisque comantia flammis
Collaquatit rutilasque jubas; hic lubricus anguem
Ludit, subsiliens, et multo sibilat igne.
Lætitiam ingentem atque effusa hæc gaudia civis
Jam tandem securus agit, positoque timore
Exercet ventos, classemque per ultima mundi
Impune educit, pelagoque licentius errat:
Seu constricta gelu, medilisque horrentia Cancri
Mensibus arva videt; seu turgida malit olenti
Tendere vela noto, qua thurea flamina miscet
Æolus, et placidis perfundit odoribus auras.
Vos animæ illustres heroum, umbræque recentes
Quarum trunca jacent et adhuc stillantia crudis
Corpora vulneribus, quibus hæc optabilis orbi
Parta quies, nondum Nassovo abducite vestro
Fida satellitia, at solitis stipate catervis
Ductorem, et tenues circum diffundite turmas.
Tuque Maria, tuos non unquam oblita Britannos,
O Diva! O patiens magnum expectare maritum!
Ne terris Dominum invideas, quanquam illum
Detineant, longamque agitent sub vindice pacem.

Qui nullo effusus prodit vestigia tractu,
Nec terram signo revolubilis imprimit ud
Sed fractus sparsim in globulos formam u
Servat, et in teretes lapsans se colligit orb
Incertum qua sit natura, an negligat u
Perficier, jubar et maturus inutile temnat
An potius solis vis imperfecta relinquat
Argentem male coctum, divitiasque fluen
Quicquid erit, magno se jactat nobilis us
Nec Deus effulsit magis aspectabilis olim,
Cum Danaen flavo circum pretiosus amic
Ambiit, et gratam suadente libidine form
Depluit irriguo liquefactum Numen in A
Quin age, sume tubum fragilem, cui d
Exclusus: fundo vitri subsidat in imo

quæunt ripæ cohibere priores;
perare dies licet, arva fatentur
lærge diffuſo lumine rident.
odicum attollens argenteus humor,
ppreſſus, contendat ad ardua vitri,
ierbæ, jam ſuccos flamma feraces
languent conſumto prata virore.
tenues nebulas ſpiracula terræ
madidi fluitant ſuper æqora fumi,
ıræ pluviæ; tum fuſile pondus
it; nec certior ardea cœlos
entes, medias quando ætheris oras
:raſſa fruitur ſublimius aura,
nadidis rorantia nubila pennis.
agglomerant, diſperſas frigora ſtipant
aruſque in nimbum cogitur humor:
, ſegetem fœcundis imbribus æther
bulæ radici alimenta miniſtrat.
ıs æquo deſcendens uda metalli
ıt, impatiens pluviæ, mutuenſque procel-
veant; non hoc impune colonus [lam,
:ndet mox fœta vaporibus aura
emes, tempeſtatemque ſonoram.
:ntum mole incumbente levatum
nituſque imo ſe condat in alveo,
que tument; everſis flumina ripis
ıunt, ſpumantibus æſtuat undis
ıpidique effuſa licentia ponti.

Machina ſi neget, et ſudum promittat,
Audax carpat iter nimbo præcedente viam
Nec metuens imbrem, poſcentes meſſor
Proſternat : terræ jam brumæ incumbit
Frigoraque haud nocitura cadunt, ferin

ΠΥΓΜΑΙΟ-ΓΕΡΑΝΟΜΑΧ

SIVE,

PRÆLIUM INTER PYGMÆOS ET GRUES

PENNATAS acies, et lamentabile bellu
Pygmeadum refero : parvas tu, Muſa, c
Inſtrue; tu gladios, mortemque minanti
Oſſenſoſque Grues, indignanteſque puſil
Militiam celebra

Pompeii quem non delaſſavere legentem?
Primus ego intactas acies, gracilemque tubarum
Carmine depingam ſonitum, nova caſtra ſecutus;
Exiguoſque canam pugiles, Gruibuſque malignos
Heroas, nigriſque ruentem è nubibus hoſtem.
Qua ſolis tepet ortu, primitliſque diei
India læta rubet, medium inter inhoſpita ſaxa
(Per placidam vallem, et paucis acceſſa vireta)
Pygmæum quondam ſteterat, dum fata ſinebant,
Imperium. Hinc varias vitam excoluere per artes
Seduli, et aſſiduo fervebant arva popello.
Nunc ſi quis dura evadat per ſaxa viator,
Deſertoſque lares, et valles oſſibus albas
Exiguis videt, et veſtigia parva ſtupeſcit.
Deſolata tenet victrix impune volucris
Regna, et ſecuro crepitat Grus improba nido.
Non ſic, dum multos ſtetit inſuperabilis annos
Parvula progenies; tum, ſi quis cominus ales
Congredi, et immixtæ auderet ſe credere pugnæ,
Miles atrox aderat, ſumptiſque feroculus armis
Sternit humi volucrem moribundam, humeriſque reportat
Ingentem prædam; cæſoque epulatur in hoſte.
Sæpe improviſas mactabat, ſæpe juvabat
Diripere aut nidum, aut ulciſci in prole parentem.
Nempe larem quoties multa conſtruxerat arte,
Aut uteri poſuiſſet onus, volucremque futuram;
Continuo vultu ſpirans immane minaci

Non tantos motus, nec tam memorabile be
Mæonius quondam ſublimi carmine vates
Luſit; ubi totam ſtrepituque armiſque palu
Miſcuit: hic (viſu miſerabile!) corpora mu
Sparſa jacent juncis transfixa, hic gutture r
Rana dolet, pedibuſque abſciſſo poplite ter
Reptat humi, ſolitis nec ſeſe ſaltibus effert.
Jamque dies Pygmæo aderat, quo temp
Pœnituit fœtus, intactaque maluit ova.
Nam ſuper his accenſa graves exarſit in ira
Grus ſtomachans; omneſque ſimul, quas
Aut ſtagnum Mareotidis, imi aut uda Cay
Prata tenent, adſunt; Scythicaque excita
Et conjurato volueris deſcendit ab Iſtro.
Strageſque immenſas et vulnera cogitat ab

Innumeri: crebro circum ingens fluctuat æther
Flamine, et assiduus miscet cœlum omne tumultus.
Nec minor in terris motus, dum bella facessit
Impiger, instituitque agmen, firmatque phalangas,
Et furit arreptis animosus homuncio telis:
Donec turma duas composta excurrat in alas,
Ordinibusque frequens, et marte instructa perito.
Jamque acies inter medias sese arduus infert
Pygmeadum ductor, qui majestate verendus
Incessuque gravis reliquos supereminet omnes
Mole gigantea, mediamque assurgit in ulnam.
Torvior aspectu (hostilis nam insculpserat unguis
Ore cicatrices) vultuque ostentat honesta
Rostrorum signa, et crudos in pectore morsus.
Immortali odio, æterniscque exercuit iris
Alituum gentem, non illum impune volucris
Aut ore, aut pedibus peteret confisus aduncis.
Fatalem quoties Gruibus distrinxerat ensem,
Truncavitque alas, celerique fugam abstulit hosti:
Quot fecit strages! quæ nudis funera pullis
Intulit, heu! quoties implevit Strymona fletu!
Jamque procul sonus auditur, piceamque volantum
Prospectant nubem bellumque hostesque ferentem.
Crebrescit tandem, atque oculis se plurimus offert
Ordinibus structus variis exercitus ingens
Alituum, motisque eventilat ærа pennis.
Turba polum replet, specieque immanis obumbrat
Agmina Pygmæorum, et densa in nubibus hæret.

Fit fragor; avulſæ volitant circum ac
Mox defeſſa iterum levibus ſeſe eripi
Et vires reparata iterum petit impete
Armorum pendet fortuna: hic fixa v
Cuſpide, ſanguineo ſeſe furibunda ro
Torquet agens circum, roſtrumque in
Imbelle, et curvos in morte recolligi
Pygmæi hic ſtillat lentus de vulnere
Singultuſque ciet crebros, pedibuſqu
Tundit humum, et moriens unguem
Æſtuat omne ſolum ſtrepitu, tepido
Sanguine, ſpargunter gladii, ſpargu
Ungueſque et digiti, commiſtaque
Pygmeadum ſævit, mediiſque in
[illegible] late hinc atque hinc

Pendulus, agglomerat ſtrepitu globus undique derſus
Alitum; fruſtra Pygmæi lumine mœſto
Regem inter nubes lugent, ſolitoque minorem
Heroem aſpiciunt Gruibus plaudentibus eſcam.
Jamque recrudeſcit bellum, Grus deſuper urget
Pygmæum roſtro, atque hoſtem petit ardua morſu;
Tum fugit alta volans; is ſurſum brachia jactat
Vulneris impatiens, et inanes fævit in auras.
Talis erat belli facies, cum Pelion ingens
Mittgret in cælum Briareïs, ſolioque Tonantem
Præcipitem excuteret; ſparguntur in æthere toto
Fulminaque ſcopulique: flagrantia tela deorſum
Torquentur Jovis acta manu, dum vaſta gigantum
Corpora fuſa jacent, ſemiuſtaque ſulphure fumant.
Viribus abſumptis penitus Pygmeïa tandem
Agmina langueſcunt; ergo pars vertere terga
Horribili perculſa metu, pars tollere vocem
Exiguam; late populus Cubitalis oberrat.
Inſtant à tergo volucres, lacerantque trahuntque
Immites, certæ gentem extirpare nefandam.
Sic Pygmæa domus multos dominata per annos,
Tot bellis defuncta, Gruum tot læta triumphis,
Funditus interiit: nempe exitus omnia tandem
Certus regna manet, ſunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra tranſire nefas: ſic corruit olim
Aſſyriæ Imperium, ſic magnæ Perſidis imis
Sedibus *everſum eſt*, et majus utroque Latinum.
Elyſii valles nunc agmine luſtrat inani,

Lætitiæ penitus vacat, ...
Angustosque terit calles, viridesque
Turba levis salit, et lemurum cognom

RESURRECTIO DELI

AD ALTARE COL. MAGD.

Egregios fuci tractus, calamique l
Surgentesque hominum formas, ard
Judicis, et simulachra modis pallent
Terribilem visu pompam, tu carmi
Pande novo, vatique sacros accende
Olim planitiem (quam nunc fœc
Insignit pictura) inhonesto et simpl
Vestiit albedo, sed ne rima ulla pri

Mox radiante novum torrebat lumine mundum
Titan, et pallens alienos mitius ignes
Cynthia vibrabat; crebris nunc conſitus aſtris
Scintillare polus, nunc fulgor Lacteus omne
Diffluere in cœlum, longoque albeſcere tractu.
Sic, operis poſtquam luſit primordia pictor,
Dum ſordet paries, nullumque fatetur Apellem,
Cautius exercet calamos, atque arte tenacem
Confundit viſcum, ſuccoſque attemperat, omnes
Inducit tandem formas; apparet ubique
Muta cohors, et picturarum vulgus inane.
Aligeris muri vacat ora ſuprema miniſtris,
Sparſaque per totam cœleſtis turba tabellam
Raucos inſpirat lituos, buccaſque tumentes
Inflat, et attonitum replet clangoribus orbem.
Defunctis ſonus auditur, tabulamque per imam
Picta graveſcit humus, terris emergit apertis
Progenies rediviva, et plurima ſurgit imago.
Sic, dum fœcundis Cadmus dat ſemina ſulcis,
Terra tumet prægnans, animataque gleba laborat,
Luxuriatur ager ſegete ſpirante, caleſcit
Omne ſolum, creſcitque virorum prodiga meſſis.
Jam pulvis varias terræ diſperſa per oras,
Sive inter venas teneri concreta metalli,
Senſim diriguit, ſeu ſeſe immiſcuit herbis,
Explicita eſt; molem rurſus coaleſcit in unam
Diviſum funus, ſparſos prior alligat artus
Junctura, aptanturque iterum coëuntia membra.

Fuſa per attonitam pallet formido f
Detrahe quin oculos ſpectator, et
Si poterint perferre diem, medium
Qua ſedet orta Deo proles, Deus ip
Lumine perfuſus, radiiſque inſperſ
Circum tranquillæ funduntur temp
Regius ore vigor ſpirat, nitet iguis
Plurimaque effulget majeſtas numi
Quantum diſſimilis, quantum, o! i
Qui peccata luit cruciatus non ſua,
Quando luctantem cunctata morte
Sed fruſtra voluit defunctum Golg
Condere, dum victa fatorum lege t
Nativum petiit cœlum, et ſuper æt

Stant circum, atque avidos jubar immortale bibentes
Affigunt oculos in Numine; laudibus æther
Intonat, et læto ridet cœlum omne triumpho.
His amor impatiens conceptaque gaudia mentem
Funditus exagitant, imoque in pectore fervent.
Non æque exaltat flagranti corde Sibylla,
Hospite cum tumet incluso, et præcordia sentit
Mota Dei stimulis, simulque calentia Phœbo.
Quis tamen ille novus perstringit lumina fulgor?
Quam mitra effigiem distinxit pictor, honesto
Surgentem è tumulo, alatoque satellite sultam?
Agnosco faciem, vultu latet alter in illo
Wainfletus *, sic ille oculos, sic ora ferebat:
Eheu quando animi par invenietur imago!
Quando alium similem virtus habitura!——
Irati innocuas securus numinis iras
Aspicit, impavidoque in judice figit ocellos.
Quin age, et horrentem commixtis igne tenebris
Jam videas scenam; multo hic flagrantia fuco
Mœnia flagrantem liquefacto sulphure rivum
Fingunt, et falsus tanta arte accenditur ignis,
Ut toti metuas tabulas, ne flamma per omne
Livida serpat opus, tenuesque absumpta recedat
Pictura in cineres, propriis peritura favillis.
Huc turba infelix agitur, turpisque videri
Infrendet dentes, et rugis contrahit ora.
Vindex à tergo implacabile fævit, et ensem

* Coll. Magd. fundator.

Nequicquam, ceteris in [illegible]
Sortes non revocandæ, et inexorabi

Quam varias aperit veneres pictu
Quot calami legimus veſtigia! quæ
Gratia ſe profert! tales non diſcolo
Oſtendat, vario cum lumine floridu
Rore nitet toto, et gutta ſcintillat

O fuci nitor, o pulchri durate co
Nec, pictura, tuæ langueſcat gloria
Dum lucem videas, qualem exprim

SPHÆRISTERI

Hic ubi graminea in latum ſeſe e
Planities, vacuoque ingens patet a
Cum ſolem nondum fumantia pra

Ne tamen offendant incauti errore globorum,
Quæque ſuis inciſa notis ſtat ſphæra; ſed unus
Hanc vult, quæ infaſo multum inclinata metallo
Vertitur in gyros, et iniquo tramite currit;
Quin alii diverſa placet, quam parcius urget
Plumbea vis, motuque finit procedere recto.

Poſtquam ideo in partes turbam diſtinxerat æquas
Conſilium, aut ſors; quiſque ſuis accingitur armis.
Evolat orbiculus, qua curſum meta futurum
Deſignat; jactique legens veſtigia, primam,
Qui certamen init, ſphæram demittit, at illa
Leniter effuſa, exiguum quod ducit in orbem,
Radit iter, donec ſenſim primo impete feſſo
Subſiſtat: ſubito globus emicat alter et alter.

Mox ubi funduntur late agmina crebra minorem
Sparſa per orbiculum, ſtipantque frequentia metam,
Atque negant faciles aditus; jam cautius exit,
Et leviter ſeſe inſinuat revolubile lignum.
At ſi forte globum, qui miſit, ſpectat inertem
Serpere, et impreſſum ſubito langueſcere motum,
Pone urget ſphæræ veſtigia, et anxius inſtat,
Objurgatque moras, currentique imminet orbi.
Atque ut ſegnis honos dextræ ſervetur iniquam
Incuſat terram, ac ſurgentem in marmore nodum.

Nec riſus tacuere, globus cum volvitur actus
Infami jactu, aut nimium veſtigia plumbum
Allicit, et ſphæram à recto trahit inſita virtus.
Tum qui projecit, ſtrepitus effundit inanes,

crepat e...
phæra ſed, irarum te...
Pergit iter, nulliſque movetur ſurd...
Illa tamen laudes ſummumque meretur hon...
Quæ non dirumpit curſum, abſiſtitque moveri,
Donec turbam inter crebram dilapſa ſupremum
Perfecit ſtadium, et metæ inclinata recumbit.
Hoſtis at hærentem orbiculo detrudere ſphæram
Certat, luminibuſque viam ſignantibus omnes
Intendit vires, et miſſile fortiter urget:
Evolat adducto non ſegnis ſphæra lacerto.
Haud ita proſiliens Elëo carcere pernix
Auriga invehitur, cum raptus ab axe citato
Currenteſque domos videt, et fugientia tect...
Si tamen in duros, obſtructa ſatellite m...
...gat ſocios, confundatque orbibus or...
... fortunam damnat acer...
... crudelia—

AD D. D. HANNES,

INSIGNISSIMUM MEDICUM ET POETAM.

O qui canoro blandius Orpheo
Vocale ducis carmen, et exitu
Feliciore luctuosis
Sæpe animam revocas ab umbris,

Jam seu solutos in numerum pedes
Cogis, vel ægrum et vix animæ tenax
Corpus tueris, seu cadaver
Luminibus penetras acutis;

Opus relinquens erīpe te moræ,
Frontemque curis solicitam explica,
Scyphumque jucundus require
Purpureo gravidum Lyæo.

Nunc plena magni pocula postules
Memor Wilhelmi, nunc moveat sitim
Minister ingens, imperîque
Præsidium haud leve, Montacutus,

Omitte tandem triste negotium
Gravesque curas, heu nimium pius!
Nec cæteros cautus mederi
Ipse tuam minuas salutem.

[illegible]
Innatus herbis te fatigant:
Serius aut citius ſepulchro

Debemur omnes, vitaque deſeret
Expulſa morbis corpus inhoſpitum,
Lentumque deflebunt nepotes
(Relliquias animæ) cadaver.

Manes videbis tu quoque fabulas,
Quos pauciores fecerit ars tua;
Suumque victorem viciſſim
Subjiciet Libitina victrix.

Decurrit illi vita beatior
Quicunque lucem non nimis anxius
Reddit moleſtam, [illegible]

MACHINÆ GESTICULANTES.

ANGLICE

A PUPPETSHOW.

Admiranda cano levium ſpectacula rerum,
Exiguam gentem, et vacuum ſine mente popellum;
Quem, non ſurreptis cœli de fornice flammis,
Innocua melior fabricaverat arte Prometheus.
Compita qua riſu fervent, glomeratque tumultum
Hiſtrio, delectatque inhiantem ſcommate turbam;
Quotquot lætitiæ ſtudio aut novitate tenentur,
Undique congreſſi permiſſa ſedilia complent,
Nec confuſus honos; nummo ſubſellia cedunt
Diverſo, et varii ad pretium ſtat copia ſcamni.
Tandem ubi ſubtrahitur velamen, lumina paſſim
Anguſtos penetrant aditus, qua plurima viſum
Fila ſecant. ne, cum vacuo datur ore feneſtra,
Pervia fraus pateat: mox ſtridula turba penates
Ingreditur pictos, et mœnia ſquallida fuco.
Hic humiles inter ſcenas, anguſtaque clauſtra,
Quicquid agunt homines, concurſus, bella, triumphos,
Ludit in exiguo plebecula parvo theatro.
Sed præter reliquos incedit Homuncio rauca
Voce ſtrepens, major ſubnectit fibula veſtem,
Et referunt vivos errantia lumina motus;
In ventrem tumet immodicum; pone eminet ingens
A tergo gibbus; Pygmæum territat agmen

Et rifu importunus adeſt, atque omnia
Nec raro invadit molles, pictamque pr
Ore petit nymphàm, invitoque dat ofc
Sed cœnitum vulgus diverſis membra fi
Ludis, et vario laſcivit mobile ſaltu.

Sæpe etiam gemmis rutila, et ſpectat
Lignea gens prodit, nitidiſque ſuperbit
Nam, quotics feſtam celebrat ſub imagi
Ordine compoſito nymphanum incedit
Agmen, et exigui proceres, parvique Q
Pygmæos credas poſitis miteſcere bellis
Jamque, infenſa Grunn temnentes præ
Indulgere jocis, teneriſque vacare chore

Tales, cum medio labuntur ſidera cœ
Parvi ſubſiliunt Lemures, populoſque n

Arma cient truculenta cohors, placidamque quietem
Dirumpunt pugnæ; usque adeo insincera voluptas
Omnibus, et mistæ castigant gaudia curæ.
Jam gladii, tubulique ingesto sulphure fœti,
Protensæque hastæ, fulgentiaque arma, minæque
Telorum ingentes subeunt: dant clausira fragorem
Horrendum, ruptæ stridente bitumine chartæ
Confusos reddunt crepitus, et fibila miscent.
Sternitur omne solum pereuntibus; undique cæsæ
Apparent turmæ, civilis crimina belli.
Sed postquam infanus pugnæ deferbuit æstus,
Exuerintque truces animos, jam Marte fugato,
Diversas repetunt artes, curasque priores.
Nec raro prisci heroes, quos pagina sacra
Suggerit, atque olim peperit felicior ætas,
Hic parva redeunt specie. Cano ordine cernas
Antiquos prodire, agmen venerabile, patres.
Rugis sulcantur vultus, prolixaque barbæ
Canities mento pendet: sic tarda senectus
Tithonum minuit, cum moles tota cicadam
Induit, in gracilem sensim collecta figuram.
Nunc tamen unde genus ducat, quæ dextra latentes
Suppeditet vires, quem poscat turba moventem,
Expediam. Truncos opifex et inutile lignum
Cogit in humanas species, et robore natam
Progeniem telo efformat, nexuque tenaci
Crura ligat pedibus, humerisque accommodat armos,
Et membris membra aptat, et artubus insuit artus.

Hinc ſalit. atque agili [illegible]
Voceſque emittit tenues, et non ſua

AD INSIGNISSIMUM VI

D. THO. BURNET

SACRÆ THEORIÆ TELLURIS

Non uſitatum carminis alitem,
Burnette, poſcis, non humiles mod
Vulgare plectrum, languidæque
Reſpuis officium camœnæ.

Tu mixta rerum ſemina conſcius,

Auditur ingens continuo fragor,
Illapſa tellus lubrica deſerit
Fundamina, et compage fracta
Suppoſitas gravis urget undas.

Impulſus erumpit medius liquor,
Terras aquarum effuſa licentia
Claudit viciſſim; has inter orbis
Relliquiæ fluitant prioris.

Nunc et recluſo carcere lucidam
Balæna ſpectat ſolis imaginem,
Stellaſque miratur nutantes,
Et tremulæ ſimulacra lunæ.

Quæ pompa vocum non imitabilis!
Qualis caleſcit ſpiritus ingenî!
Ut tollis undas! ut frementem
Diluvii reprimis tumultum!

Quis tam valenti pectore ferreus
Ut non tremiſcens et timido pede
Incedat, orbis dum doloſi
Detegis inſtabiles ruinas?

Quin hæc cadentum fragmina montium
Natura vultum ſumere ſimplicem
Coget refingens, in priorem
Mox iterum reditura formam.

Cernas; ...
Incendiis, commune ...
Et populis meditata buſtum!

Nudus liquentes plorat Athos nives,
Et mox liqueſcens ipſe adamantinum
Fundit cacumen, dum per imas
Saxa fluunt reſoluta valles.

Jamque alta cœli mœnia coruunt,
Et veſtra tandem pagina (proh nefas!)
Burnette, veſtra augebit ignes,
Heu ſocio peritura mundo.

Mox æqua tellus, mox ſubitus viror
...ident: en teretem globum!
...von!

TRANSLATIONS.

FROM OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK II.

The ſtory of Phaeton.

The ſun's bright palace, on high columns rais'd,
With burniſh'd gold and flaming jewels blaz'd,
The folding gates diffus'd a ſilver light,
And with a milder gleam refreſh'd the ſight;
Of poliſh'd iv'ry was the cov'ring wrought,
The matter vy'd not with the ſculptor's thought,
For in the portal was diſplay'd on high
(The work of Vulcan) a fictitious ſky,
A waving ſea th' inferior earth embrac'd,
And gods and goddeſſes the waters grac'd:
Ægeon here a mighty whale beſtrode;
Triton and Proteus (the deceiving god)
With Doris here were carv'd, and all her train,
Some looſely ſwimming in the figur'd main,
While ſome on rocks their dropping hair divide,
And ſome on fiſhes thro' the waters glide.
Tho' various features did the ſiſters grace,
A ſiſter's likeneſs was in ev'ry face.
On earth a diff'rent landſcape courts the eyes,
Men, towns, and beaſts, in diſtant proſpects riſe,
And nymphs, and ſtreams, and woods, and rural deities;

To his [illegible]
Till preſſing forward thro' the [illegible]
He ſaw at diſtance the illuſtrious g[illegible]
He ſaw at diſtance, or the dazzling
Had flaſh'd too ſtrongly on his abs[illegible]
The god ſits high, exalted on a
Of blazing gems, with purple gar[illegible]
The Hours in order rang'd on eit[illegible]
And Days, and Months, and Yea[illegible]
Here Spring appears with flow'ry
Here Summer in her wheaten ga[illegible]
Here Autumn the rich trodden
And hoary Winter ſhivers in th[illegible]
Phœbus beheld the youth fr[illegible]
That eye which looks on all wa[illegible]
[illegible] confuſion in h[illegible]

And bid the youth advance. "My ſon," ſaid he,
"Come to thy father's arms; for Clymenè
"Has told thee true; a parent's name I own,
"And deem thee worthy to be call'd my ſon:
"As a ſure proof, make ſome requeſt, and I,
"Whate'er it be, with that requeſt comply;
"By Styx I ſwear, whoſe waves are hid in night,
"And roll impervious to my piercing ſight."
The youth, tranſported, aſks, without delay,
To guide the ſun's bright chariot for a day.
The god repented of the oath he took,
For anguiſh thrice his radiant head he ſhook:
"My ſon," ſays he, "ſome other proof require;
"Raſh was my promiſe, raſh is thy deſire.
"I'd fain deny this wiſh which thou haſt made,
"Or, what I can't deny, would fain diſſuade.
"Too vaſt and hazardous the taſk appears,
"Nor ſuited to thy ſtrength nor to thy years.
"Thy lot is mortal, but thy wiſhes fly
"Beyond the province of mortality.
"There is not one of all the gods that dares
"(However ſkill'd in other great affairs)
"To mount the burning axletree but I;
"Not Jove himſelf, the ruler of the ſky,
"That hurls the three-fork'd thunder from above,
"Dares try his ſtrength; yet who ſo ſtrong as Jove
"*The ſteeds climb* up the firſt aſcent with pain,
"*And when the* middle firmament they gain,

" Tethys herſelf has fear'd to ſe
" Down headlong from the preci
" Beſides, conſider what impetu
" Turns ſtars and planets in a di
" I ſteer againſt their motions; r
" Borne back by all the current
" But how could you reſiſt the or
" In adverſe whirls, and ſtem the
" But you perhaps may hope for
" And ſtately domes, and cities
" While thro' a thouſand ſnares y
" Where forms of ſtarry monſter
" For ſhould you hit the doubtful
" The Bull with ſtooping horns ſ

"Let not my ſon a fatal gift require,
"But, O! in time recall your raſh deſire:
"You aſk a gift that may your parent tell;
"Let theſe my fears your parentage reveal,
"And learn a father from a father's care:
"Look on my face; or if my heart lay bare,
"Could you but look you'd read the father there.
"Chuſe out a gift from ſeas, or earth, or ſkies,
"For open to your wiſh all nature lies,
"Only decline this one unequal taſk,
"For 'tis a miſchief, not a gift, you aſk:
"You aſk a real miſchief, Phaeton;
"Nay, hang not thus about my neck, my ſon:
"I grant your wiſh, and Styx has heard my voice,
"Chuſe what you will, but make a wiſer choice."
Thus did the God th' unwary youth adviſe,
But he ſtill longs to travel thro' the ſkies;
When the fond father (for in vain he pleads)
At length to the Vulcanian chariot leads.
A golden axle did the work uphold,
Gold was the beam, the wheels were orb'd with gold;
The ſpokes in rows of ſilver pleas'd the ſight,
The ſeat with party-colour'd gems was bright;
Apollo ſhin'd amid the glare of light.
The youth with ſecret joy the work ſurveys,
When now the Morn diſclos'd her purple rays:
The ſtars were fled; for Lucifer had chas'd
The ſtars away, and fled himſelf at laſt.

orn,
ter horn,
delay,
Hours obey :
ſteeds retire,
rting fire.
f Day,
ning ray,
: wet,
,
head,
, and ſaid,
rice, my ſon;
ntly on ;
in too faſt;
ir haſte :

hile I ſpeak, the ſhades diſperſe away,
, gives the promiſe of a day;
l'd, nor can I make a longer ſtay.
up the reins; or ſtill th' attempt forſake,
ot my chariot, but my counſel, take,
yet ſecurely on the earth you ſtand,
uch the horſes with too raſh a hand.
: alone to light the world, while you
thoſe beams which you may ſafely view."
in vain; the youth with active heat
ghtly vigour vaults into the ſeat,
to hold the reins, and fondly gives
anks his father with remorſe receives.
-while the reſtleſs horſes neigh'd aloud,
out fire, and pawing where they ſtood;
not knowing what had paſt, gave way,
the waſte of heav'n before 'em lay.
ing together out, and ſwiftly bear
g youth thro' clouds and yielding air,
gy ſpeed outſtrip the eaſtern wind,
e the breezes of the morn behind.
h was light, nor could he fill the ſeat,
the chariot with its wonted weight;
ſea th' unballaſted veſſel rides,
nd fro, the ſport of winds and tides,
bounding chariot toſs'd on high,
h is hurry'd headlong thro' the ſky.
he ſteeds perceive it, they forſake
ed courſe, and leave the beaten track.

Stiff and benumb'd before, began ... ,
And rag'd with inward heat, and threat
And ſhot a redder light from every ſtar;
Nay, and 'tis ſaid, Boötes, too, that fain
Thou would'ſt have fled, tho' cumber'd wi

Th' unhappy youth then bending dov
Saw earth and ocean far beneath him ſp
His colour chang'd, he ſtartled at the ſig
And his eyes darken'd by too great a lig
Now could he wiſh the fiery ſteeds untry
His birth obſcure, and his requeſt deny'
Now would he Merops for his father ow
And quit his boaſted kindred to the ſu

So fares the pilot when his ſhip is toſ
In troubled ſeas, and all its ſteerage loſt

The horſes' names he knew not in the fright,
Nor would he looſe the reins, nor could he hold 'em tight.
Now all the horrors of the heav'ns he ſpies,
And monſtrous ſhadows of prodigious ſize,
That deck'd with ſtars lie ſcatter'd o'er the ſkies.
There is a place above, where Scorpio, bent
In tail and arms, ſurrounds a vaſt extent;
In a wide circuit of the heav'ns he ſhines,
And fills the ſpace of two celeſtial ſigns.
Soon as the youth beheld him, vex'd with heat,
Brandiſh his ſting, and in his poiſon ſweat,
Half dead with ſudden fear he dropt the reins;
The horſes felt 'em looſe upon their manes,
And flying out thro' all the plains above,
Ran uncontroll'd where'er their fury drove;
Ruſh'd on the ſtars, and thro' a pathleſs way
Of unknown regions hurry'd on the day:
And now above and now below they flew,
And near the earth the burning chariot drew.
The clouds diſperſe in fumes, the wond'ring Moon
Beholds her brother's ſteeds beneath her own;
The high lands ſmoke, cleft by the piercing rays,
Or, clad with woods, in their own fuel blaze:
Next o'er the plains, where ripen'd harveſts grow,
The running conflagration ſpreads below.
But theſe are trivial ills; whole cities burn,
And peopled kingdoms into aſhes turn.

Eryx, and Othrys, and Citharon
And Rhodope, no longer cloth'd
High Pindus, Mimas, and Parna
And Ætna rages with redoubled
Ev'n Scythia, thro' her hoary re
In vain with all her native froſt
Cover'd with flames, the tow'rin
And Caucaſus, and proud Olym
And where the long-extended A
Now ſtands a huge continu'd ran
Th' aſtoniſh'd youth, where'er
Beheld the univerſe around him
The world was in a blaze; nor c
The ſultry vapours and the ſcorc

Then Libya firſt, of all her moiſture drain'd,
Became a barren waſte, a wild of ſand.
The water-nymphs lament their empty urns,
Bœotia, robb'd of ſilver Dirce, mourns,
Corinth Pyrene's waſted ſpring bewails,
And Argos grieves whilſt Amymonè fails.
The floods are drain'd from ev'ry diſtant coaſt;
Even Tanaïs, tho' fix'd in ice, was loſt;
Enrag'd Caïcus and Lycormas roar,
And Xanthus, fated to be burnt once more:
The fam'd Mæander, that unweary'd ſtrays
Thro' many windings, ſmokes in every maze:
From his lov'd Babylon Euphrates flies;
The big-ſwoln Ganges and the Danube riſe
In thick'ning fumes, and darken half the ſkies:
In flames Iſmenos and the Phaſis roll'd,
And Tagus floting in his melted gold:
The ſwans, that on Caïſter often try'd
Their tuneful ſongs, now ſung their laſt, and dy'd:
The frighted Nile ran off, and under ground
Conceal'd his head, nor can it yet be found;
His ſeven divided currents all are dry,
And where they roll'd ſeven gaping trenches lie:
No more the Rhine or Rhone their courſe maintain,
Nor Tiber, of his promis'd empire vain.
The ground, deep cleft, admits the dazzling ray,
And ſtartles Pluto with the flaſh of day:
The ſeas ſhrink in, and to the ſight diſcloſe
Wide naked plains, where once their billows roſe.

And on the boiling wave [illegible]
Nereus and Doris, with her virgin train
Seek out the laſt receſſes of the main;
Beneath unfathomable depths they fain
And ſecret in their gloomy caverns pan
Stern Neptune thrice above the waves r
His face, and thrice was by the flames r
The Earth at length, on every ſide c
With ſcalding ſeas, that floted round h
When now ſhe felt the ſprings and riv
And crowd within the hollow of her r
Uplifted to the heav'ns her blaſted he
And clapt her hand upon her brows,
(But firſt, impatient of the ſultry hea
Sunk deeper down, and ſought a coo
" If you, great King of gods! my d
" And I deſerve it, let me die by J
[illegible] by the force of fi

"And does the plough for this my body tear?
"This the reward for all the fruits I bear,
"Tortur'd with rakes, and haraſs'd all the year?
"That herbs for cattle daily I renew,
"And food for man, and frankincenſe for you?
"But grant me guilty; what has Neptune done?
"Why are his waters boiling in the ſun?
"The wavy empire, which by lot was given,
"Why does it waſte, and further ſhrink from heav
"If I nor he your pity can provoke,
"See your own heav'ns, the heav'ns begin to ſmol
"Should once the ſparkles catch thoſe bright abod
"Deſtruction ſeizes on the heav'ns and gods;
"Atlas becomes unequal to his freight,
"And almoſt faints beneath the glowing weight.
"If heav'n, and earth, and ſea, together burn,
"All muſt again into their chaos turn.
"Apply ſome ſpeedy cure, prevent our fate,
"And ſuccour Nature ere it be too late."
She ceas'd; for chok'd with vapours round her ſpre
Down to the deepeſt ſhades ſhe ſunk her head.
Jove call'd to witneſs every pow'r above,
And ev'n the god whoſe ſon the chariot drove,
That what he acts he is compell'd to do,
Or univerſal ruin muſt enſue.
Straight he aſcends the high ethereal throne,
From *whence* he us'd to dart his thunder down

Suppreſs'd the raging of the fires
At once from life and from the
The ambitious boy fell thunderſt
The horſes ſtarted with a ſudden
And flung the reins and chariot t
The ſtudded harneſs from their a
Here fell a wheel, and here a ſilve
Here were the beam and axle torn
And ſcatter'd o'er the earth the ſhi
The breathleſs Phæton, with flam
Shot from the chariot like a fallin
That in a ſummer's evening from
Of heav'n drops down, or ſeems t
Till on the Po his blaſted corpſe
Far from his country, in the weſt

" His father's fiery ſteeds he could not guide,
" But in the glorious enterpriſe he dy'd."
Apollo hid his face, and pin'd for grief;
And if the ſtory may deſerve belief,
The ſpace of one whole day is ſaid to run,
From morn to wonted ev'n without a ſun;
The burning ruins, with a fainter ray,
Supply the ſun, and counterfeit a day,
A day that ſtill did Nature's face diſcloſe;
This comfort from the mighty miſchief roſe.
But Clymenè, enrag'd with grief, laments,
And as her grief inſpires her paſſion vents:
Wild for her ſon, and frantic in her woes,
With hair diſhevell'd, round the world ſhe goes,
To ſeek where'er his body might be caſt,
Till, on the borders of the Po, at laſt
The name inſcrib'd on the new tomb appears;
The dear dear name ſhe bathes in flowing tears,
Hangs o'er the tomb, unable to depart,
And hugs the marble to her throbbing heart.
Her daughters, too, lament, and ſigh, and mourn,
(A fruitleſs tribute to their brother's urn)
And beat their naked boſoms, and complain,
And call aloud for Phaeton in vain;
All the long night their mournful watch they keep,
And all the day ſtand round the tomb and weep.
Four times, revolving, the full moon return'd,
So long the mother and the daughters mourn'd;

One ſees her thighs transform'd, anot
Her arms ſhot out, and branching int
And now their legs, and breaſts, and
Cruſted with bark, and hard'ning into
But ſtill above were female heads diſpl
And mouths, that call'd the mother t
What could, alas! the weeping mothe
From this to that with eager haſte ſhe
And kiſs'd her ſprouting daughters as
She tears the bark that to each body c
And from their verdant fingers ſtrips t
The blood came trickling where ſhe to
The leaves and bark: the maids where
" Forbear, miſtaken Parent, oh! forbe

The transformation of Cycnus into a Swan.

Cycnus beheld the nymphs transform'd; ally'd
To their dead brother on the mortal ſide,
In friendſhip and affection nearer bound,
He left the cities and the realms he own'd,
Thro' pathleſs fields and lonely ſhores to range,
And woods, made thicker by the ſiſters' change.
Whilſt here, within the diſmal gloom, alone,
The melancholy monarch made his moan,
His voice was leſſen'd, as he try'd to ſpeak,
And iſſu'd thro' a long extended neck;
His hair transforms to down, his fingers meet
In ſkinny films, and ſhape his oary feet;
From both his ſides the wings and feathers break,
And from his mouth proceeds a blunted beak;
All Cycnus now into a Swan was turn'd,
Who ſtill rememb'ring how his kinſman burn'd,
To ſolitary pools and lakes retires,
And loves the waters as oppos'd to fires.
Mean-while Apollo in a gloomy ſhade
(The native luſtre of his brows decay'd)
Indulging ſorrow, ſickens at the ſight
Of his own ſunſhine, and abhors the light;
The hidden griefs that in his boſom riſe
Sadden his looks, and over-caſt his eyes,
As when ſome duſky orb obſtructs his ray,
And ſullies, in a dim eclipſe, the day.

" Let now ſome other manage, if he will,
" The fiery ſteeds, and mount the burn
" Or if none elſe, let Jove his fortune t
" And learn to lay his murd'ring thun
" Then will he own, perhaps, but own
" My ſon deſerv'd not ſo ſevere a fate.
The gods ſtand round him as he mour
He would reſume the conduct of the da
Nor let the world be loſt in endleſs ni
Jove, too, himſelf, deſcending from hi
Excuſes what had happen'd, and entre
Majeſtically mixing pray'rs and threat
Prevail'd upon at length, again he too
The harneſs'd ſteeds, that ſtill will ho
And plies 'em with the laſh, and whip
And as he whips upbraids 'em with hi

The ſtory of Caliſto.

Her fields he cloth'd, and cheer'd her blaſted face
With running fountains and with ſpringing graſs:
No tracks of heav'n's deſtructive fire remain,
The fields and woods revive, and Nature ſmiles again
But as the god walk'd to and fro the earth,
And rais'd the plants, and gave the ſpring its birth
By chance a fair Arcadian nymph he view'd,
And felt the lovely charmer in his blood.
The nymph nor ſpun nor dreſs'd with artful pride;
Her veſt was gather'd up, her hair was ty'd;
Now in her hand a ſlender ſpear ſhe bore,
Now a light quiver on her ſhoulders wore;
To chaſte Diana from her youth inclin'd,
The ſprightly warriors of the wood ſhe join'd:
Diana too the gentle huntreſs lov'd,
Nor was there one of all the nymphs that rov'd
O'er Mænalus, amid the maiden throng,
More favour'd once; but favour laſts not long.
The ſun now ſhone in all its ſtrength, and dr
The heated virgin panting to a grove;
The grove around a grateful ſhadow caſt;
She dropp'd her arrows, and her bow unbrac'd
She flung herſelf on the cool graſſy bed,
And on the painted quiver rais'd her head.
Jove ſaw the charming huntreſs unprepar'd,
Stretch'd on the verdant turf, without a guar
" Here I am ſafe," he cries, " from Juno's e
" *Or ſhould my* jealous queen the theft de

And mildly in a ...
" How fares my girl? how went the mo
To whom the virgin, ſtarting from the
" All-hail, bright Deity! whom I pre
" To Jove himſelf; tho' Jove himſelf w
The god was nearer than ſhe thought,
Well pleas'd himſelf before himſelf pr

He then ſalutes her with a warm em
And ere ſhe half had told the morning
With love inflam'd, and eager on his
Smother'd her words, and ſtopp'd her
His kiſſes with unwonted ardour glow
Nor could Diana's ſhape conceal the
The virgin did whate'er a virgin coul
(Sure Juno muſt have pardon'd had
With all her might againſt his force
But how can mortal maids contend

Paſſeſs'd at length of what his he

But now Diana, with a ſprightly train
Of quiver'd virgins, bounding o'er the plain,
Call'd to the nymph; the nymph began to fear
A ſecond fraud, a Jove diſguis'd in her;
But when ſhe ſaw the ſiſter-nymphs, ſuppreſt
Her riſing fears, and mingled with the reſt.
How in the look does conſcious guilt appear!
Slowly ſhe mov'd, and loiter'd in the rear,
Nor lightly tripp'd, nor by the goddeſs ran,
As once ſhe us'd, the foremoſt of the train.
Her looks were fluſh'd, and ſullen was her mien,
That ſure the virgin-goddeſs (had ſhe been
Aught but a virgin) muſt the guilt have ſeen.
'Tis ſaid the nymphs ſaw all, and gueſs'd aright:
And now the moon had nine times loſt her light,
When Dian, fainting in the mid-day beams,
Found a cool covert and refreſhing ſtreams,
That in ſoft murmurs thro' the foreſt flow'd,
And a ſmooth bed of ſhining gravel ſhow'd.
A covert ſo obſcure, and ſtreams ſo clear,
The goddeſs prais'd: "And now no ſpies are near,
'Let's ſtrip, my gentle Maids! and waſh," ſhe cries.
Pleas'd with the motion, ev'ry maid complies;
Only the bluſhing huntreſs ſtood confus'd,
And form'd delays, and her delays excus'd:
In vain excus'd; her fellows round her preſs'd,
And the reluctant nymph by force undreſs'd.
The naked huntreſs all her ſhame reveal'd,
In vain her hands the pregnant womb conceal'd.

The time was come; now, to enrage her more
A lovely boy the teeming rival bore.
The goddeſs caſt a furious look, and cry'd,
"It is enough; I'm fully ſatisfy'd:
"This boy ſhall ſtand a living mark, to prov
"My huſband's baſeneſs and the ſtrumpet's
"But vengeance ſhall awake; thoſe guilty ch
"That drew the Thunderer from Juno's arm
"No longer ſhall their wonted force retain,
"Nor pleaſe the god, nor make the mortal w
This ſaid, her hand within her hair ſhe wo
Swung her to earth, and dragg'd her on the g
The proſtrate wretch lifts up her arms in pray
Her arms grow ſhaggy, and deform'd with ha
Her nails are ſharpen'd into pointed claws,
Her hands bear half her weight, and turn to
Her lips, that once could tempt a god, begin
To grow diſtorted in an ugly grin.

And begg'd his aid with inward groans; and tho'
She could not call him falſe, ſhe thought him ſo.
How did ſhe fear to lodge in woods alone,
And haunt the fields and meadows once her own!
How often would the deep-mouth'd dogs purſue,
Whilſt from her hounds the frighted huntreſs flew!
How did ſhe fear her fellow brutes, and ſhun
The ſhaggy bear, tho' now herſelf was one!
How from the ſight of rugged wolves retire,
Altho' the grim Lycaon was her ſire!
But now her ſon had fifteen ſummers told,
Fierce at the chaſe, and in the foreſt bold,
When, as he beat the woods in queſt of prey,
He chanc'd to rouſe his mother where ſhe lay.
She knew her ſon, and kept him in her ſight,
And fondly gaz'd: the boy was in a fright,
And aim'd a pointed arrow at her breaſt,
And would have ſlain his mother in the beaſt;
But Jove forbade, and ſnatch'd 'em thro' the air
In whirlwinds up to heav'n, and fix'd 'em there,
Where the new conſtellations nightly riſe,
And add a luſtre to the northern ſkies.
When Juno ſaw the rival in her height,
Spangled with ſtars and circled round with light,
She ſought old Ocean in his deep abodes,
And Tethys, both rever'd among the gods.
They aſk what brings her there? "Ne'er aſk," ſays ſhe,
"*What brings* me here; heav'n is no place for me.

, when night has cover'd all things o'er,
arry baſtard and triumphant whore
he heav'ns; you'll ſee 'em proudly roll
new orbs, and brighten all the pole.
ho ſhall now on Juno's altar wait,
hoſe ſhe hates grow greater by her hate? 645
e nymph a brutal form impreſs'd,
a goddeſs has transform'd the beaſt:
this was all my weak revenge could do;
t the god his chaſte amours purſue,
as he acted after Io's rape, 650
re th' adult'reſs to her former ſhape;
may he caſt his Juno off, and lead
great Lycaon's offspring to his bed.
you, ye venerable Powers! be kind,
l, if my wrongs a due reſentment find, 655
ceive not in your waves their ſetting beams,
r let the glaring ſtrumpet taint your ſtreams."
ddeſs ended, and her wiſh was giv'n;
to heav'n;

Fair as the guardian of the Capitol,
Soft as the ſwan, a large and lovely fowl;
His tongue, his prating tongue, had chang'd him qu
To ſooty blackneſs from the pureſt white.
The ſtory of his change ſhall here be told.
In Theſſaly there liv'd a nymph of old,
Coronis nam'd; a peerleſs maid ſhe ſhin'd,
Confeſs'd the faireſt of the fairer kind:
Apollo lov'd her till her guilt he knew,
While true ſhe was, or whilſt he thought her true;
But his own bird, the raven, chanc'd to find
The falſe one with a ſecret rival join'd:
Coronis begg'd him to ſuppreſs the tale,
But could not with repeated pray'rs prevail.
His milk-white pinions to the god he ply'd,
The buſy daw flew with him ſide by ſide,
And by a thouſand teaſing queſtions drew
Th' important ſecret from him as they flew.
The daw gave honeſt counſel, tho' deſpis'd,
And, tedious in her tattle, thus adviſ'd.
Stay, ſilly Bird! th' ill-natur'd taſk refuſe,
Nor be the bearer of unwelcome news;
Be warn'd by my example; you diſcern
What now I am, and what I was ſhall learn:
My fooliſh honeſty was all my crime;
Then hear my ſtory. Once upon a time
The two-ſhap'd Erichthonius had his birth
Without a mother) from the teeming earth;

" The ſiſters Pandroſos and Herſé
" The ſtrict command; Aglauros
" And ſaw the monſtrous infant i
" And call'd her ſiſters to the hid
" A boy's ſoft ſhape did to the wa
" But the boy ended in a dragon's
" I told the ſtern Minerva all that
" But for my pains, diſcarded and
" The frowning goddeſs drove me
" And for her fav'rite choſe the bi
" Be then no telltale; for I think r
" Enough to teach a bird to hold h
" But you, perhaps, may think I
" As never by the heav'nly maid b

" He made his courtſhip, he confeſs'd his pain,
" And offer'd force when all his arts were vain:
' Swift he purſu'd; I ran along the ſtrand,
' Till, ſpent and weary'd on the ſinking ſand,
' I ſhriek'd aloud; with cries I fill'd the air
' To gods and men; nor god nor man was there:
' A virgin goddeſs heard a virgin's prayer;
" For as my arms I lifted to the ſkies,
" I ſaw black feathers from my fingers riſe;
" I ſtrove to fling my garment on the ground;
" My garment turn'd to plumes, and girt me round:
" My hands to beat my naked boſom try;
" Nor naked boſom now nor hands had I.
" Lightly I tript, nor weary, as before,
" Sunk in the ſand, but ſkimm'd along the ſhore,
" Till, riſing on my wings, I was preferr'd
" To be the chaſte Minerva's virgin bird:
" Preferr'd in vain! I now am in diſgrace;
" Nyctimene the owl enjoys my place.
" On her inceſtuous life I need not dwell,
" (In Leſbos ſtill the horrid tale they tell)
" And of her dire amours you muſt have heard,
" For which ſhe now does penance in a bird,
" That, conſcious of her ſhame, avoids the light,
' And loves the gloomy cov'ring of the night;
' The birds, where'er ſhe flutters, ſcare away
' *The hooting* wretch, and drive her from the day."

Of fair Colonis and the favour o

The god was wroth; the colour
The wreath his head, the harp his
His ſilver bow and feather'd ſhafts
And lodg'd an arrow in the tender
That had ſo often to his own been
Down fell the wounded nymph, a
And pull'd his arrow reeking from
And, welt'ring in her blood, thus
" Ah, cruel God! tho' I have juſtly
" What has, alas! my unborn infa
" That he ſhould fall, and two ex
This ſaid, in agonies ſhe fetch'd he

The god diſſolves in pity at her
He hates the bird that made her fa

Her corpſe he kiſs'd, and heav'nly incenſe brought,
And ſolemniz'd the death himſelf had wrought.
But, leſt his offspring ſhould her fate partake,
Spite of th' immortal mixture in his make,
He ript her womb, and ſet the child at large,
And gave him to the Centaur Chiron's charge,
Then in his fury black'd the raven o'er,
And bid him prate in his white plumes no more.

Ocyrrhöe transformed to a Mare.

Old Chiron took the babe with ſecret joy,
Proud of the charge of the celeſtial boy;
His daughter, too, whom on the ſandy ſhore
The nymph Charicle to the Centaur bore,
With hair diſhevell'd on her ſhoulders, came
To ſee the child, Ocyrrhöe was her name;
She knew her father's arts, and could rehearſe
The depths of propheſy in ſounding verſe.
Once, as the ſacred infant ſhe ſurvey'd,
The god was kindled in the raving maid,
And thus ſhe utter'd her prophetic tale;
"Hail, great Phyſician of the world! all hail!
"Hail, mighty Infant! who in years to come
"Shalt heal the nations, and defraud the tomb;
"Swift be thy growth! thy triumphs unconfin'd!
"Make kingdoms thicker, and increaſe mankind;
"*Thy daring* art ſhall animate the dead,
"*And draw* the thunder on thy guilty head:

[redacted] quit thy claim to immo
" When thou ſhalt feel, enrag
" The Hydra's venom rankli
" The gods, in pity, ſhall cont
" And give thee over to the po
Thus, ent'ring into deſtiny,
The ſecrets of offended Jove be
More had ſhe ſtill to ſay, but no
Oppreſs'd with ſobs and ſighs, a
" My voice," ſays ſhe, " is gone
" Thro' every limb my kindred
" Why did the god this fatal gif
" And with prophetic raptures ſ
" What new deſires are theſe? I
" O'er flow'ry meadow

Till by degrees accompliſh'd in the beaſt,
She neigh'd outright, and all the ſteed expreſt.
Her ſtooping body on her hands is borne,
Her hands are turn'd to hoofs, and ſhod in horn;
Her yellow treſſes ruffle in a mane,
And in a flowing tail ſhe friſks her train:
The Mare was finiſh'd in her voice and look,
And a new name from the new figure took.

The transformation of Battus to a Touchſtone.

Sore wept the Centaur, and to Phœbus pray'd;
But how could Phœbus give the Centaur aid?
Degraded of his pow'r by angry Jove,
In Elis then a herd of beeves he drove,
And wielded in his hand a ſtaff of oak,
And o'er his ſhoulders threw the ſhepherd's cloke;
On ſeven compacted reeds he us'd to play,
And on his rural pipe to waſte the day.
As once, attentive to his pipe, he play'd,
The crafty Hermes from the god convey'd
A drove, that ſep'rate from their fellows ſtray'd:
The theft an old inſidious peaſant view'd,
(They call'd him Battus in the neighbourhood)
Hir'd by a wealthy Pylian prince to feed
His favourite mares, and watch the gen'rous breed.
The thieviſh god ſuſpected him, and took
The hind aſide, and thus in whiſpers ſpoke:
"*Diſcover not* the theft, whoe'er thou be,
"*And take* that milk-white heifer for thy fee."

" In the recov'ry of my cattle join
" A bullock and a heifer ſhall be
The peaſant quick replies, " You
" In yon' dark vale:" and in the
The double bribe had his falſe he
The god, ſucceſsful in the trial, ſt
" And doſt thou thus betray myſ
" Me to myſelf doſt thou betray?"
Then to a Touchſtone turns the fi
And in his name records his infam

The ſtory of Aglauros transformed

THIS done, the god flew up on hi
O'er lofty Athens, by Minerva gra

The god, well-pleas'd, beheld the pompous ſhow,
nd ſaw the bright proceſſion paſs below,
hen veer'd about, and took a wheeling flight,
nd hover'd o'er them. As the ſpreading kite,
hat ſmells the ſlaughter'd victim from on high,
ies at a diſtance if the prieſts are nigh,
nd ſails around, and keeps it in her eye,
› kept the god the virgin choir in view,
nd in ſlow winding circles round them flew.
As Lucifer excels the meaneſt ſtar,
r as the full-orb'd Phœbe Lucifer,
› much did Hersè all the reſt outvy,
nd gave a grace to the ſolemnity.
ermes was fir'd, as in the clouds he hang;
› the cold bullet, that with fury flung
om Balearic engines, mounts on high,
lows in the whirl, and burns along the ſky.
t length he pitch'd upon the ground, and ſhow'd
ıe form divine, the features of a god:
: knew their virtue o'er a female heart,
ıd yet he ſtrives to better them by art:
: hangs his mantle looſe, and ſets to ſhow
ıe golden edging on the ſeam below,
ljuſts his flowing curls, and in his hand
aves, with an air, the ſleep-procuring wand,
ıe glittering ſandals to his feet applies,
ıd to each heel the well-trimm'd pinion ties.
His ornaments with niceſt art diſplay'd,
ſeeks th'apartment of the royal maid.

And what his bus'neſs was, and whenc
" I come," reply'd the god, " from he
" Your ſiſter, and to make an aunt of
" I am the ſon and meſſenger of Jove,
" My name is Mercury, my bus'neſs lo
" Do you, kind damſel! take a lover's
" And gain admittance to your ſiſter's
She ſtar'd him in the face with look
As when ſhe on Minerva's ſecret gaz'd
And aſks a mighty treaſure for her hir
And till he brings it makes the god ret
Minerva griev'd to ſee the nymph ſucc
And now rememb'ring the late impiou
When, diſobedient to her ſtrict comma

Diſmal and cold, where not a beam of light
Invades the winter, or diſturbs the night.
Directly to the cave her courſe ſhe ſteer'd;
Againſt the gates her martial lance ſhe rear'd;
The gates flew open, and the fiend appear'd.
A pois'nous morſel in her teeth ſhe chew'd,
And gorg'd the fleſh of vipers for her food.
Minerva loathing, turn'd away her eye;
The hideous monſter, riſing heavily,
Came ſtalking forward with a ſullen pace,
And left her mangled offals on the place.
Soon as ſhe ſaw the goddeſs gay and bright,
She fetch'd a groan at ſuch a cheerful ſight.
Livid and meagre were her looks, her eye
In foul diſtorted glances turn'd awry;
A hoard of gall her inward parts poſſeſt,
And ſpread a greenneſs o'er her canker'd breaſt:
Her teeth were brown with ruſt; and from her tongue,
In dangling drops, the ſtringy poiſon hung.
She never ſmiles but when the wretched weep,
Nor lulls her malice with a moment's ſleep,
Reſtleſs in ſpite; while, watchful to deſtroy,
She pines and ſickens at another's joy:
Foe to herſelf, diſtreſſing and diſtreſt,
She bears her own tormenter in her breaſt.
The goddeſs gave (for ſhe abhorr'd her ſight)
A ſhort command: "To Athens ſpeed thy flight;
"*On curs'd Aglauros* try thy utmoſt art,
"*And fix thy* rankeſt venoms in her heart."

At the ſucceſs which ſhe herſelf muſt give;
Then takes her ſtaff, hung round with wreaths
And ſails along, in a black whirlwind borne
O'er fields and flow'ry meadows: where ſhe ſ
Her baneful courſe a mighty blaſt appears,
Mildews and blights; the meadows are defa
The fields, the flow'rs, and the whole year, la
On mortals next, and peopled towns, ſhe fa
And breathes a burning plague among their w
When Athens ſhe beheld, for arts renown
With peace made happy, and with plenty cr
Scarce could the hideous fiend from tears for
To find out nothing that deſerv'd a tear.
Th' apartment now ſhe enter'd, where at reſt
Aglauros lay, with gentle ſleep oppreſt.
To execute Minerva's dire command
She ſtrok'd the virgin with her canker'd hanc

Her ſiſter's marriage, and her glorious fate:
Th' imaginary bride appears in ſtate,
The bridegroom with unwonted beauty glows,
For Envy magnifies whate'er ſhe ſhows.
Full of the dream, Aglauros pin'd away
In tears all night, in darkneſs all the day;
Conſum'd like ice, that juſt begins to run,
When feebly ſmitten by the diſtant ſun;
Or like unwholſome weeds that, ſet on fire,
Are ſlowly waſted, and in ſmoke expire.
Given up to Envy (for in ev'ry thought
The thorns, the venom, and the viſion, wrought)
Oft' did ſhe call on Death, as oft' decreed,
Rather than ſee her ſiſter's wiſh ſucceed,
To tell her awful father what had paſt;
At length before the door herſelf ſhe caſt,
And, ſitting on the ground with ſullen pride,
A paſſage to the love-ſick god deny'd.
The god careſs'd, and for admiſſion pray'd,
And ſooth'd in ſofteſt words th' envenom'd maid:
In vain he ſooth'd; "Begone!" the maid replies,
'Or here I keep my ſeat, and never riſe."
'Then keep thy ſeat for ever," cries the god,
And touch'd the door, wide opening to his rod.
Fain would ſhe riſe, and ſtop him, but ſhe found
Her trunk too heavy to forſake the ground;
Her joints are all benumb'd, her hands are pale,
And marble now appears in every nail.

But ſtill her envious hue and ſullen
Are in the ſedentary figure ſeen.

Europa's Rape.

WHEN now the god his fury had a
And taken vengeance of the ſtubbo
From where the bright Athenian t
He mounts aloft, and reaſcends the
Jove ſaw him enter the ſublime abo
And, as he mix'd among the crowd
Beckon'd him out, and drew him fr
And in ſoft whiſpers thus his will e
"My truſty Hermes, by whoſe re
"Thy ſire's commands are thro' the

Where the king's daughter, with a lovely train
Of fellow-nymphs, was ſporting on the plain.
  The dignity of empire laid aſide,
(For love but ill agrees with kingly pride)
The ruler of the ſkies, the thund'ring god,
Who ſhakes the world's foundations with a nod,
Among a herd of lowing heifers ran,
Friſk'd in a bull, and bellow'd o'er the plain.
Large rolls of fat about his ſhoulders clung,
And from his neck the double dewlap hung:
His ſkin was whiter than the ſnow that lies
Unſully'd by the breath of ſouthern ſkies;
Small ſhining horns on his curl'd forehead ſtand,
As turn'd and poliſh'd by the workman's hand;
His eyeballs roll'd, not formidably bright,
But gaz'd and languiſh'd with a gentle light;
His ev'ry look was peaceful, and expreſt
The ſoftneſs of the lover in the beaſt.
  Agenor's royal daughter, as ſhe play'd
Among the fields, the milk-white bull ſurvey'd,
And view'd his ſpotleſs body with delight,
And at a diſtance kept him in her ſight:
At length ſhe pluck'd the riſing flow'rs, and fed
The gentle beaſt, and fondly ſtrok'd his head.
He ſtood well pleas'd to touch the charming fair,
But hardly could confine his pleaſure there.
And now he wantons o'er the neighb'ring ſtrand,
Now rolls his body on the yellow ſand;

... ... horns, and kindly cla
Till now grown wanton, and devoi
Not knowing that ſhe preſs'd the T
She plac'd herſelf upon his back, a
O'er fields and meadows, ſeated on

He gently march'd along, and by
Left the dry meadow, and approacl
Where now he dips his hoofs, and v
Now plunges in, and carries off the
The frighted nymph looks backwar
And hears the tumbling billows rou
But ſtill ſhe holds him faſt: one han
Upon his back, the other graſps a hc
Her train of ruffling garments flies b
Swells in the air, and hovers in the

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK III.

The ſtory of Cadmus.

WHEN now Agenor had his daughter loſt,
He ſent his ſon to ſearch on ev'ry coaſt,
And ſternly bid him to his arms reſtore
The darling maid, or ſee his face no more,
But live an exile in a foreign clime.
Thus was the father pious to a crime.
The reſtleſs youth ſearch'd all the world around;
But how can Jove in his amours be found?
When tir'd at length with unſucceſsful toil,
To ſhun his angry fire and native ſoil,
He goes a ſuppliant to the Delphic dome,
There aſks the god what new-appointed home
Should end his wand'rings and his toils relieve?
The Delphic oracles this anſwer give.
"Behold among the fields a lonely cow,
"Unworn with yokes, unbroken to the plow;
"Mark well the place where firſt ſhe lays her down,
"There meaſure out thy walls, and build thy town,
"And from thy guide Bœotia call the land,
"In which the deſtin'd walls and town ſhall ſtand."
No *ſooner had he* left the dark abode,
Big with the promiſe of the Delphic god,

[redacted] way thro' flow'ry Panopē ſh
And now, Cephiſus, croſs'd thy
When to the heav'ns her ſpacious
And bellow'd thrice, then backw
On thoſe behind, till on the deſtin
She ſtoop'd, and couch'd amid th

Cadmus ſalutes the ſoil, and gl
The new-found mountains and th
And thanks the gods, and turns al
To ſee his new dominions round hi
Then ſends his ſervants to a neighb
For living ſtreams, a ſacrifice to Jo

O'er the wide plain there roſe a f
Of aged trees; in its dark boſom ſt
A buſhy thicket, pathleſs and unw
O'errun with brambles, and perple
Amidſt the brake a hollow den [redacted]

e tongues he brandiſh'd when he charg'd his foes;
teeth ſtood jaggy in three dreadful rows.
Tyrians in the den for water ſought,
with their urns explor'd the hollow vault;
ı ſide to ſide their empty urns rebound,
rouſe the ſleepy ſerpent with the ſound.
ght he beſtirs him, and is ſeen to riſe;
now with dreadful hiſſings fills the ſkies,
darts his forky tongues, and rolls his glaring eyes.
Tyrians drop their veſſels in the fright,
ale and trembling at the hideous ſight.
above ſpire uprear'd in air he ſtood,
gazing round him overlook'd the wood;
floting on the ground in circles roll'd,
leap'd upon them in a mighty fold.
ch a bulk, and ſuch a monſtrous ſize
Serpent in the Polar Circle lies,
ſtretches over half the northern ſkies.
in the Tyrians on their arms rely,
in attempt to fight, in vain to fly;
heir endeavours and their hopes are vain;
die entangled in the winding train;
are devour'd, or feel a loathſome death,
ı up with blaſts of peſtilential breath.
nd now the ſcorching ſun was mounted high,
its luſtre, to the noonday ſky,
ı, anxious for his friends, and fill'd with cares,
arch the woods th' impatient chief prepares.

... amidſt their corpſe' he
Baſking at eaſe, and feaſting in their
" Such friends," he cries, " deſerv'd
" But Cadmus will revenge, or ſhare t
Then heav'd a ſtone, and riſing to the
He ſent it in a whirlwind at the foe :
A tower, aſſaulted by ſo rude a ſtroke,
With all its lofty battlements had ſhoo
But nothing here th' unwieldy rock avi
Rebounding harmleſs from the plaited
That, firmly join'd, preſerv'd him from
With native armour cruſted all around :
With more ſucceſs the dart unerring fle
Which at his back the raging warrior t
Amid the plaited ſcales it took its cour
And in the ſpinal marrow ſpent its forc
The monſter hiſs'd aloud, and rag'd in
A-[illegible]

urn'd in his teeth the foamy venom roſe,
hilſt from his mouth a blaſt of vapours flows,
ch as th' infernal Stygian waters caſt;
le plants around him wither in the blaſt.
w in a maze of rings he lies enroll'd,
w all unravell'd, and without a fold;
w, like a torrent, with a mighty force
rs down the foreſt in his boiſt'rous courſe.
lmus gave back, and on the lion's ſpoil
lain'd the ſhock, then forc'd him to recoil;
e pointed jav'lin warded off his rage:
d with his pains, and furious to engage,
s ſerpent champs the ſteel, and bites the ſpear,
l blood and venom all the point beſmear;
ſtill the hurt he yet receiv'd was ſlight;
whilſt the champion with redoubled might
kes home the jav'lin, his retiring foe
inks from the wound, and diſappoints the blow.
he dauntleſs hero ſtill purſues his ſtroke,
d preſſes forward, till a knotty oak
ards his foe, and ſtops him in the rear;
l in his throat he plung'd the fatal ſpear,
it in th' extended neck a paſſage found,
d pierc'd the ſolid timber thro' the wound.
'd to the reeling trunk, with many a ſtroke
his huge tail he laſh'd the ſturdy oak,
l ſpent with toil, and lab'ring hard for breath,
now lay twiſting in the pangs of death.

Aſtoniſh'd at the voice, he ſtood amaz'd,
And all around with inward horror gaz'd;
When Pallas ſwift deſcending from the ſkie
Pallas, the guardian of the bold and wiſe,
Bids him plough up the field, and ſcatter re
The dragon's teeth o'er all the furrow'd gr
Then tells the youth how to his wond'ring
Embattled armies from the field ſhould riſe

He ſows the teeth at Pallas's command,
And flings the future people from his hand
The clods grow warm, and crumble where
And now the pointed ſpears advance in ro
Now nodding plumes appear, and ſhining
Now the broad ſhoulders and the riſing br
O'er all the field the breathing harveſt ſw
A growing hoſt, a crop of men and arms!
So thro' the parting ſtage a figure rears

When one cry'd out, "Forbear, fond man! forbear
"To mingle in a blind promiſcuous war."
This ſaid, he ſtruck his brother to the ground,
Himſelf expiring by another's wound;
Nor did the third his conqueſt long ſurvive,
Dying ere ſcarce he had begun to live.
The dire example ran thro' all the field,
Till heaps of brothers were by brothers kill'd;
The furrows ſwam in blood; and only five
Of all the vaſt increaſe were left alive.
Echion one, at Pallas's command,
Let fall the guiltleſs weapon from his hand,
And with the reſt a peaceful treaty makes,
Whom Cadmus as his friends and partners takes;
So founds a city on the promis'd earth,
And gives his new Bœotian empire birth.
Here Cadmus reign'd; and now one would have gueſs'd
The royal founder in his exile bleſs'd:
Long did he live within his new abodes,
Ally'd by marriage to the deathleſs gods,
And, in a fruitful wife's embraces old,
A long increaſe of children's children told:
But no frail man, however great or high,
Can be concluded bleſs'd before he die.
Actæon was the firſt of all his race,
Who griev'd his grandſire in his borrow'd face;
Condemn'd by ſtern Diana to bemoan
The branching horns, and viſage not his own;

For how can guilt proceed from ignorance?

The transformation of Actæon into a Stag.

In a fair chaſe a ſhady mountain ſtood,
Well-ſtor'd with game, and mark'd with trails of
Here did the huntſmen, till the heat of day,
Purſue the ſtag, and load themſelves with pre
When thus Actæon calling to the reſt:
"My friends," ſays he, "our ſport is at the
"The ſun is high advanc'd, and downward
"His burning beams directly on our heads;
"Then by conſent abſtain from further ſpo
"Call off the dogs, and gather up the toils
"And ere to-morrow's ſun begins his race,
"Take the cool morning to renew the cha
They all conſent, and in a cheerful train
The jolly huntſmen, loaden with the ſlain,
[illegible] plain.

rom out its rocky clefts the waters flow,
.nd, trickling, ſwell into a lake below.
lature had ev'ry where ſo play'd her part,
'hat ev'ry where ſhe ſeem'd to vie with Art:
lere the bright goddeſs, toil'd and chaf'd with heat,
Vas wont to bathe her in the cool retreat.
Here did ſhe now with all her train reſort,
'anting with heat, and breathleſs from the ſport;
ler armour-bearer laid her bow aſide,
ome loos'd her ſandals, ſome her veil unty'd;
ach buſy nymph her proper part undreſs'd,
Vhile Crocalè, more handy than the reſt,
lather'd her flowing hair, and in a nooſe
ound it together, whilſt her own hung looſe:
ive of the more ignoble ſort by turns
'etch up the water, and unlade their urns.
Now all undreſs'd the ſhining goddeſs ſtood,
Vhen young Actæon, wilder'd in the wood,
'o the cool grot by his hard fate betray'd,
'he fountains fill'd with naked nymphs ſurvey'd.
'he frighted virgins ſhriek'd at the ſurpriſe,
The foreſt echo'd with their piercing cries)
'hen in a huddle round their goddeſs preſs'd;
he, proudly eminent above the reſt,
Vith bluſhes glow'd, ſuch bluſhes as adorn
'he ruddy welkin or the purple morn;
And tho' the crowding nymphs her body hide,
Ialf backward ſhrunk, and view'd him from aſide.

" A goddeſs naked to thy view expos'd ...
This ſaid, the man begun to diſappear
By ſlow degrees, and ended in a deer.
A riſing horn on either brow he wears,
And ſtretches out his neck, and pricks his e
Rough is his ſkin, with ſudden hairs o'ergro
His boſom pants with fears before unknow
Transform'd at length, he flies away in haſ
And wonders why he flies away ſo faſt:
But as by chance, within a neighb'ring broo
He ſaw his branching horns and alter'd loo
Wretched Actæon! in a doleful tone
He try'd to ſpeak, but only gave a groan;
And as he wept, within the wat'ry glaſs
He ſaw the big round drops, with ſilent pa
Run trickling down a ſavage hairy face.
What ſhould he do? or ſeek his old abodes
... the deer, and ſculk in woo

He bounded off with fear, and ſwiftly ran
O'er craggy mountains and the flow'ry plain;
Thro' brakes and thickets fore'd his way, and flew
Thro' many a ring, where once he did purſue.
In vain he oft' endeavour'd to proclaim
His new misfortune, and to tell his name;
Nor voice nor words the brutal tongue ſupplies;
From ſhouting men, and horns, and dogs, he flies,
Deafen'd and ſtunn'd with their promiſcuous cries.
When now the fleeteſt of the pack, that preſs'd
Cloſe at his heels, and ſprung before the reſt,
Had faſten'd on him, ſtraight another pair
Hung on his wounded haunch, and held him there,
Till all the pack came up, and ev'ry hound
Tore the ſad huntſman grov'lling on the ground,
Who now appear'd but one continu'd wound.
With dropping tears his bitter fate he moans,
And fills the mountain with his dying groans.
His ſervants with a piteous look he ſpies,
And turns about his ſupplicating eyes.
His ſervants, ignorant of what had chanc'd,
With eager haſte and joyful ſhouts advanc'd,
And call'd their lord Actæon to the game;
He ſhook his head in anſwer to the name:
He heard, but wiſh'd he had indeed been gone
Or only to have ſtood a looker-on:
But, to his grief, he finds himſelf too near,
And feels his ravenous dogs with fury tear
Their wretched maſter panting in a deer.

A son great, and [illegible]
Others, again, eſteem'd Actæon's w
Fit for a virgin goddeſs to impoſe s
The hearers into different parts divi
And reaſons are produced on either
Juno alone, of all that heard the
Nor would condemn the goddeſs nc
She heeded not the juſtice of the d
But joy'd to ſee the race of Cadmus
For ſtill ſhe kept Europa in her mi
And for her ſake deteſted all her l
Beſides, to aggravate her hate, ſhe
How Semelè, to Jove's embrace pr
Was now grown big with an immc
And carry'd in her womb a future

" (And none can ſure a ſiſter's right deny)
" It is decreed the guilty wretch ſhall die.
" She boaſts an honour I can hardly claim;
" Pregnant ſhe riſes to a mother's name;
" While proud and vain ſhe triumphs in her Jove,
" And ſhows the glorious tokens of his love;
" But if I'm ſtill the miſtreſs of the ſkies,
" By her own lover the fond beauty dies."
This ſaid, deſcending in a yellow cloud,
Before the gates of Semelè ſhe ſtood.

Old Beroë's decrepit ſhape ſhe wears,
Her wrinkled viſage, and her hoary hairs,
Whilſt in her trembling gait ſhe totters on,
And learns to tattle in the nurſe's tone.
The goddeſs, thus diſguis'd in age, beguil'd
With pleaſing ſtories her falſe foſterchild.
Much did ſhe talk of love, and when ſhe came
To mention to the nymph her lover's name,
Fetching a ſigh, and holding down her head,
" 'Tis well," ſays ſhe, " if all be true that's ſaid;
" But truſt me, child, I'm much inclin'd to fear
" Some counterfeit in this your Jupiter.
" Many an honeſt well-deſigning maid
" Has been by theſe pretended gods betray'd;
" But if he be indeed the thund'ring Jove,
" Bid him, when next he courts the rites of love,
" Deſcend triumphant from th' ethereal ſky,
" *In all the pomp* of his divinity,

Deſir'd of Jove, [illegible]
To grant a certain gift which ſhe would
" Fear not," reply'd the god, " that I
" Whate'er you aſk: may Styx confirm
" Chuſe what you will, and you ſh
" choice."
" Then," ſays the nymph, " when ne
" May you deſcend in thoſe celeſtial
" With which your Juno's boſom yo
" And fill with tranſport heav'n's ir
The god, ſurpris'd, would fain have
But he had ſworn, and ſhe had mad
To keep his promiſe he aſcends,
His awful brow in whirlwinds and
Whilſt all around, in terrible array
His thunders rattle, and his lightn
And yet, the dazzling luſtre to ab[illegible]

For the rough Cyclops, who by Jove's command
Temper'd the bolt, and turn'd it to his hand,
Work'd up leſs flame and fury in its make,
And quench'd it ſooner in the ſtanding lake.
Thus dreadfully adorn'd, with horror bright,
Th' illuſtrious god, deſcending from his height,
Came ruſhing on her in a ſtorm of light.

The mortal dame, too feeble to engage
The lightning's flaſhes and the thunder's rage,
Conſum'd amidſt the glories ſhe deſir'd,
And in the terrible embrace expir'd.

But, to preſerve his offspring from the tomb,
Jove took him ſmoking from the blaſted womb;
And, if on ancient tales we may rely,
Inclos'd th' abortive infant in his thigh:
Here when the babe had all his time fulfill'd,
Ino firſt took him for her foſterchild,
Then the Niſeans, in their dark abode,
Nurs'd ſecretly with milk the thriving god.

The transformation of Tireſias.

'Twas now, while theſe tranſactions paſs'd on earth,
And Bacchus thus procur'd a ſecond birth,
When Jove, diſpos'd to lay aſide the weight
Of public empire and the cares of ſtate,
As to his queen in nectar bowls he quaff'd,
"In troth," ſays he, (and as he ſpoke he laugh'd)
"The ſenſe of pleaſure in the male is far
"More dull and dead than what you females ſhare."

And loſt his manhood at the fatal ſt
But after ſeven revolving years he vi
The ſelf-ſame ſerpents in the ſelf-ſam
" And if," ſays he, " ſuch virtue in
" That he who dares your ſlimy folds
" Muſt change his kind, a ſecond ſtro
Again he ſtruck the ſnakes, and ſtood
New ſex'd, and ſtraight recover'd int
Him therefore both the deities create
The ſov'reign umpire in their grand d
And he declar'd for Jove; when Juno
More than ſo trivial an affair requir'd,
Depriv'd him, in her fury, of his ſight
And left him groping round in ſudden

The fair Liriope his anſwers try'd,
And firſt th' unerring prophet juſtify'd:
This nymph the god Cephiſus had abus'd,
With all his winding waters circumfus'd,
And on the Nereid got a lovely boy,
Whom the ſoft maids even then beheld with joy.
The tender dame, ſolicitous to know
Whether her child ſhould reach old age or no,
Conſults the ſage Tireſias, who replies,
"If ere he knows himſelf he ſurely dies."
Long liv'd the dubious mother in ſuſpenſe,
Till time unriddled all the prophet's ſenſe.
Narciſſus now his ſixteenth year began,
Juſt turn'd of boy, and on the verge of man;
Many a friend the blooming youth careſs'd,
Many a love-ſick maid her flame confeſs'd:
Such was his pride, in vain the friend careſs'd,
The love-ſick maid in vain her flame confeſs'd.
Once in the woods as he purſu'd the chaſe,
The babbling Echo had deſcry'd his face;
She who in others' words her ſilence breaks,
Nor ſpeaks herſelf but when another ſpeaks.
Echo was then a maid. of ſpeech bereft,
Of wonted ſpeech; for tho' her voice was left,
Juno a curſe did on her tongue impoſe,
To ſport with ev'ry ſentence in the cloſe.
Full often, when the goddeſs might have caught
Jove and her rivals in the very fault,

" Shall be hereafter but of little uſe."
Hence 'tis ſhe prattles in a fainter tone,
With mimic ſounds, and accents not her
This love-ſick virgin, overjoy'd to find
The boy alone, ſtill follow'd him behind,
When glowing warmly at her near appr
As ſulphur blazes at the taper's touch,
She long'd her hidden paſſion to reveal,
And tell her pains, but had not words t
She can't begin, but waits for the rebou
To catch his voice, and to return the ſo
The nymph, when nothing could Na
Still daſh'd with bluſhes for her ſlighted
Liv'd in the ſhady covert of the woods,
In ſolitary caves and dark abodes,
Where, pining, wander'd the rejected fa
Till haraſs'd out, and worn away with c

The ſtory of Narciſſus.

Thus did the nymphs in vain careſs the boy,
He ſtill was lovely, but he ſtill was coy,
When one fair virgin of the ſlighted train
Thus pray'd the gods, provok'd by his diſdain,
"Oh may he love like me, and love like me in vain!"
Thamnuſia pity'd the neglected fair,
And with juſt vengeance anſwer'd to her pray'r.
There ſtands a fountain in a darkſome wood,
Nor ſtain'd with falling leaves nor riſing mud;
Untroubled by the breath of winds it reſts,
Unſully'd by the touch of men or beaſts;
High bow'rs of ſhady trees above it grow,
And riſing graſs and cheerful greens below.
Pleas'd with the form and coolneſs of the place,
And overheated by the morning chaſe,
Narciſſus on the graſſy verdure lies;
But whilſt within the cryſtal fount he tries
To quench his heat, he feels new heat ariſe;
For as his own bright image he ſurvey'd,
He fell in love with the fantaſtic ſhade,
And o'er the fair reſemblance hung unmov'd,
Nor knew, fond youth! it was himſelf he lov'd.
The well-turn'd neck and ſhoulders he deſcries,
The ſpacious forehead and the ſparkling eyes,
The hands that Bacchus might not ſcorn to ſhow,
And hair that round Apollo's head might flow,

Oft' catching at the beauteous ſhade he dips
His arms, as often from himſelf he ſlips;
Nor knows he who it is his arms purſue
With eager claſps, but loves he knows not wh
What could, fond youth! this helpleſs paſſion
What kindled in thee this empity'd love?
Thy own warm bluſh within the water glows,
With thee the colour'd ſhadow comes and goe
Its empty being on thyſelf relies,
Step thou aſide, and the frail charmer dies.

Still o'er the fountain's wat'ry gleam he ſt
Mindleſs of ſleep, and negligent of food,
Still view'd his face, and languiſh'd as he view'd.
At length he rais'd his head, and thus began
To vent his griefs, and tell the woods his pain
"You Trees!" ſays he, "and thou ſurrounding
"Who oft' have been the kindly ſcenes of lo

" Preſerves the beauteous youth from being ſeen,
" No mountains riſe, nor oceans flow between.
" A ſhallow water hinders my embrace;
" And yet the lovely mimic wears a face
" That kindly ſmiles, and when I bend to join
" My lips to his, he fondly bends to mine.
" Hear, gentle youth! and pity my complaint,
" Come from thy well, thou fair inhabitant!
" My charms an eaſy conqueſt have obtain'd
" O'er other hearts, by thee alone diſdain'd.
" But why ſhould I deſpair? I'm ſure he burns
" With equal flames, and languiſhes by turns.
" Whene'er I ſtoop he offers at a kiſs,
" And when my arms I ſtretch, he ſtretches his:
" His eye with pleaſure on my face he keeps,
" He ſmiles my ſmiles, and when I weep he weeps:
" Whene'er I ſpeak his moving lips appear
" To utter ſomething which I cannot hear.
" Ah, wretched me! I now begin too late
" To find out all the long-perplex'd deceit;
" It is myſelf I love, myſelf I ſee;
" The gay deluſion is a part of me:
" I kindle up the fires by which I burn,
" And my own beauties from the well return.
" Whom ſhould I court? how utter my complaint?
" Enjoyment but produces my reſtraint,
" And too much plenty makes me die for want.
" *How gladly would I from myſelf remove,*
" *And at a diſtance ſet the thing I love!*

" I ſhould with joy my lateſt breat
" But, oh! I ſee his fate involv'd i
This ſaid, the weeping youth ag
To the clear fountain, where agai
His tears defac'd the ſurface of th
With circle after circle as they fel
And now the lovely face but half
O'errun with wrinkles, and defor
" Ah! whither," cries Narciſſus,
" Let me ſtill feed the flame by v
" Let me ſtill ſee, tho' I'm no fu
Then rends his garment off, and
His naked boſom reddens with th
In ſuch a bluſh as purple cluſters
Ere yet the ſun's autumnal heats

And none of thoſe attractive charms remain
To which the ſlighted Echo ſu'd in vain.
She ſaw him in his preſent miſery,
Whom, ſpite of all her wrongs, ſhe griev'd to ſee;
She anſwer'd ſadly to the lover's moan,
Sigh'd back his ſighs, and groan'd to ev'ry groan:
"Ah! youth belov'd in vain," Narciſſus cries;
"Ah! youth belov'd in vain," the nymph replies.
"Farewell," ſays he: the parting ſound ſcarce fell
From his faint lips, but ſhe reply'd, "Farewell:"
Then on th' unwholſome earth he gaſping lies,
Till Death ſhuts up thoſe ſelf-admiring eyes;
To the cold ſhades his flitting ghoſt retires,
And in the Stygian waves itſelf admires.
For him the Naïads and the Dryads mourn,
Whom the ſad Echo anſwers in her turn:
And now the ſiſter-nymphs prepare his urn,
When, looking for his corpſe, they only found
A riſing ſtalk with yellow bloſſoms crown'd.

The ſtory of Pentheus.

This ſad event gave blind Tireſias fame,
Thro' Greece eſtabliſh'd in a prophet's name.
Th' unhallow'd Pentheus only durſt deride
The cheated people and their eyeleſs guide;
To whom the prophet in his fury ſaid,
Shaking the hoary honours of his head,
"'Twere well, preſumptuous man! 'twere well for thee
"If thou wert eyeleſs too, and blind, like me;

" And own the blind Tireſias ſa
Still Pentheus ſcorns him and d
But time did all the prophet's t
For now thro' proſtrate Greece y
Whilſt howling matrons celebrat
All ranks and ſexes to his orgie
To mingle in the pomps and fill
When Pentheus thus his wicked
" What madneſs, Thebans, has
" Can hollow timbrels, can a dr
" And the lewd clamours of a b
" Thus quell your courage? can
" Of women's yells thoſe ſtubbo
" Whom nor the ſword nor trum

"Remember him to whom you ſtand ally'd;
"The ſerpent for his well of waters dy'd:
"He fought the ſtrong; do you his courage ſhow,
"And gain a conqueſt o'er a feeble foe.
"If Thebes muſt fall, oh might the Fates afford
"A nobler doom from famine, fire, or ſword!
"Then might the Thebans periſh with renown;
"But now a beardleſs victor ſacks the town,
"Whom nor the prancing ſteed nor pond'rous ſhield,
"Nor the hack'd helmet nor the duſty field,
"But the ſoft joys of luxury and eaſe,
"The purple veſts and flow'ry garlands pleaſe.
"Stand then aſide, I'll make the counterfeit
"Renounce his godhead, and confeſs the cheat.
"Acriſius from the Grecian walls repell'd
"This boaſted pow'r; why then ſhould Pentheus yield?
"Go quickly; drag th' impoſtor boy to me;
"I'll try the force of his divinity."
Thus did th' audacious wretch thoſe rites profane,
His friends diſſuade the audacious wretch in vain;
In vain his grandſire urg'd him to give o'er
His impious threats; the wretch but raves the more.
So have I ſeen a river gently glide,
In a ſmooth courſe, and inoffenſive tide,
But if with dams its current we reſtrain,
It bears down all, and foams along the plain.
But now his ſervants came beſmear'd with blood,
Sent by their haughty prince to ſeize the god;

And ſcarce wi[illegible]
" Vile Slave! whom ſpeedy vengeance ſhall
" And terrify thy baſe ſeditious crew,
" Thy country and thy parentage reveal,
" And why thou join'ſt in theſe mad orgie
The captive views him with undaunted
And, arm'd with inward innocence, repli
" From high Meonia's rocky ſhores I
" Of poor deſcent, Acœtes is my name:
" My ſire was meanly born; no oxen pl
" His fruitful fields, nor in his paſtures
" His whole eſtate within the waters la
" With lines and hooks he caught the
" His art was all his livelihood, which
" Thus with his dying lips bequeath'
[illegible] and rivers, tak

' The bright Taygete, and the ſhining Bears,
' With all the ſailor's catalogue of ſtars.
" Once, as by chance for Delos I deſign'd,
' My veſſel, driv'n by a ſtrong guſt of wind,
' Moor'd in a Chian creek; aſhore I went,
' And all the following night in Chios ſpent.
' When morning roſe, I ſent my mates to bring
' Supplies of water from a neighb'ring ſpring,
' Whilſt I the motion of the winds explor'd,
' Then ſummon'd in my crew, and went aboard.
" Opheltes heard my ſummons, and with joy
' Brought to the ſhore a ſoft and lovely boy,
' With more than female ſweetneſs in his look,
' Whom ſtraggling in the neighb'ring fields he took;
' With fumes of wine the little captive glows,
' And nods with ſleep, and ſtaggers as he goes.
" I view'd him nicely, and began to trace
' Each heav'nly feature, each immortal grace,
' And ſaw divinity in all his face.
' I know not who," ſaid I, " this god ſhould be,
' But that he is a god I plainly ſee;
' And thou, whoe'er thou art, excuſe the force
' Theſe men have us'd, and, oh, befriend our courſe!"
' Pray not for us," the nimble Dictys cry'd,
' Dictys, that could the main-topmaſt beſtride,
' And down the ropes with active vigour ſlide:
' To the ſame purpoſe old Epopeus ſpoke,
' *Who overlook*'d the oars, and tim'd the ſtroke,

" When Lycabas, a wretch, for murder
" From Tuſcany, to ſuffer baniſhment,
" With his clench'd fiſt had ſtruck me o
" Had not my hands in falling graſp'd
" His baſe confederates the fact appr
" When Bacchus (for 'twas he) begun t
" Wak'd by the noiſe and clamours whic
" And ſhook his drowſy limbs, and roun
" What means this noiſe?" he cries; " a
" Ah! whither, whither muſt I be con
" Fear not," ſaid Proteus, " child, but
" You wiſh to land, and truſt our friend
" To Naxos then direct your courſe," ſ
" Naxos a hoſpitable port ſhall be
" To each of you, a joyful home to me.
" By ev'ry god that rules the ſea or ſky
" The perjur'd villains promiſe to com

en let ſome other to my poſt ſucceed,
d I, I'm guiltleſs of ſo foul a deed." 770
iat," ſays Ethalion, "muſt the ſhip's whole crew
llow your humour, and depend on you?"
id ſtraight himſelf he ſeated at the prore,
id tack'd about, and ſought another ſhore.
The beauteous youth now found himſelf be-
tray'd, 775
id from the deck the riſing wave ſurvey'd,
id ſeem'd to weep, and as he wept he ſaid;
d do you thus my eaſy faith beguile?
us do you bear me to my native iſle?
ll ſuch a multitude of men employ 780
eir ſtrength againſt a weak defenceleſs boy?"
In vain did I the godlike youth deplore,
e more I begg'd they thwarted me the more.
id now by all the gods in heav'n that hear
is ſolemn oath, by Bacchus' ſelf I ſwear, 785
e mighty miracle that did enſue,
tho' it ſeems beyond belief, is true.
e veſſel, fix'd and rooted in the flood,
mov'd by all the beating billows, ſtood:
vain the mariners would plough the main 790
th ſails unfurl'd, and ſtrike their oars in vain;
ound their oars a twining ivy cleaves,
d climbs the maſt, and hides the cords in leaves;
e ſails are cover'd with a cheerful green,
l berries in the fruitful canvaſs ſeen; 795

" And would he frowns, and brandiſhes
" My mates, ſurpris'd with madneſs or
" Leap'd overboard. Firſt perjur'd Mad
" Rough ſcales and fins his ſtiff'ning ſid
" Ah! what," cries one, "has thus tran
look?"
" Straight his own mouth grew wider as
" And now himſelf he views with like ſu
" Still at his oar th' induſtrious Libys pl
" But as he plies each buſy arm ſhrinks i
" And by degrees is faſhion'd to a fin.
" Another, as he catches at a cord,
" Miſſes his arms, and, tumbling overbo
" With his broad fins and forky tail he la
" The riſing ſurge, and flounces in the w

'Till Bacchus kindly bid me fear no more;
With him I landed on the Chian ſhore,
And him ſhall ever gratefully adore.
" This forging ſlave," ſays Pentheus, " would pre-
O'er our juſt fury by a far-fetch'd tale; [vail
Go, let him feel the whips, the ſwords, the fire,
And in the tortures of the rack expire."
n' officious ſervants hurry him away,
nd the poor captive in a dungeon lay;
it whilſt the whips and tortures are prepar'd,
he gates fly open, of themſelves unbarr'd!
t liberty th' unfetter'd captive ſtands,
nd flings the looſen'd ſhackles from his hands.

The death of Pentheus.

ur Pentheus, grown more furious than before,
ſolv'd to ſend his meſſengers no more,
it went himſelf to the diſtracted throng,
here high Cithæron echo'd with their ſong;
nd as the fiery war-horſe paws the ground,
nd ſnorts and trembles at the trumpet's ſound,
ranſported thus he heard the frantic rout,
nd rav'd and madden'd at the diſtant ſhout.
A ſpacious circuit on the hill there ſtood,
evel and wide, and ſkirted round with wood;
ere the raſh Pentheus, with unhallow'd eyes,
he howling dames and myſtic orgies ſpies:
s mother ſternly view'd him where he ſtood,
nd kindled into madneſs as ſhe view'd,

Pentheus arrou[illegible]
And ſees the yelling matrons gath'ring round
He ſees and weeps at his approaching fate,
And begs for mercy, and repents too late.
" Help, help! my aunt Autonöe," he cry'd;
" Remember how your own Actæon dy'd."
Deaf to his cries, the frantic matron crops
One ſtretch'd-out arm, the other Ino lops;
In vain does Pentheus to his mother ſue,
And the raw bleeding ſtumps preſents to view
His mother howl'd, and, heedleſs of his pray'
Her trembling hand ſhe twiſted in his hair,
" And this," ſhe cry'd " ſhall be Agavè's ſha
When from the neck his ſtruggling head ſhe
And in her hands the ghaſtly viſage bore,
With pleaſure all the hideous trunk ſurvey,
Then pull'd and tore the mangled limbs aw
[illegible] in the pangs of death it lay.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK IV.

The ſtory of Salmacis and Hermaphroditus.

How Salmacis, with weak enfeebling ſtreams,
ſoftens the body and unnerves the limbs,
And what the ſecret cauſe, ſhall here be ſhown;
The cauſe is ſecret, but th' effect is known.
The Naïads nurs'd an infant heretofore,
That Cytherea once to Hermes bore:
From both th' illuſtrious authors of his race
The child was nam'd; nor was it hard to trace
Both the bright parents thro' the infant's face.
When fifteen years, in Ida's cool retreat,
The boy had told, he left his native ſeat,
And ſought freſh fountains in a foreign ſoil;
The pleaſure leſſen'd the attending toil.
With eager ſteps the Lycian fields he croſt,
And fields that border on the Lycian coaſt;
A river here he view'd ſo lovely bright,
It ſhew'd the bottom in a fairer light,
For kept a ſand conceal'd from human ſight:
The ſtream produc'd nor ſlimy ooze nor weeds,
For miry ruſhes nor the ſpiky reeds,
But dealt enriching moiſture all around,
The fruitful banks with cheerful verdure crown'd,
And *kept* the ſpring eternal on the ground.

Her ſiſters often, as [illegible],
" Fy! Salmacis, what, always idle? fy!
" Or take thy quiver, or thy arrows ſeize,
" And mix the toils of hunting with thy eaſe
Nor quiver ſhe nor arrows e'er would ſeize,
Nor mix the toils of hunting with her eaſe,
But oft' would bathe her in the cryſtal tide,
Oft' with a comb her dewy locks divide:
Now in the limpid ſtreams ſhe view'd her face
And dreſs'd her image in the floting glaſs:
On beds of leaves ſhe now repos'd her limbs,
Now gather'd flow'rs that grew about her ſt
And then by chance was gath'ring, as ſhe ſt
To view the boy, and long'd for what ſhe v
Fain would ſhe meet the youth with haſ
She fain would meet him, but refus'd to n
Before her looks were ſet with niceſt care,
" [illegible]'d to be reputed fair.

" If ſo, let mine the ſtol'n enjoyments be;
" If not, behold a willing bride in me." [ſhame,
The boy knew nought of love, and, touch'd with
He ſtrove, and bluſh'd, but ſtill the bluſh became;
In riſing bluſhes ſtill freſh beauties roſe;
The ſunny ſide of fruit ſuch blnſhes ſhows,
And ſuch the moon, when all her ſilver white
Turns in eclipſes to a ruddy light.
The nymph ſtill begs if not a nobler bliſs,
A cold ſalute at leaſt, a ſiſter's kiſs;
And now prepares to take the lovely boy
Between her arms. He, innocently coy,
Replies, " Or leave me to myſelf alone,
" You rude uncivil nymph! or I'll be gone."
" Fair Stranger! then," ſays ſhe, " it ſhall be ſo;"
And, for ſhe fear'd his threats, ſhe feign'd to go;
But hid within a covert's neighb'ring green,
She kept him ſtill in ſight, herſelf unſeen.
The boy now fancies all the danger o'er,
And innocently ſports about the ſhore;
Playful and wanton to the ſtream he trips,
And dips his foot, and ſhivers as he dips.
The coolneſs pleas'd him, and with eager haſte
His airy garments on the banks he caſt;
His godlike features and his heav'nly hue,
And all his beauties, were expos'd to view.
His naked limbs the nymph with rapture ſpies,
While hotter paſſions in her boſom riſe,
Fluſh in her cheeks, and ſparkle in her eyes.

His limbs appear more lovely thus than
As lilies ſhut within a cryſtal caſe
Receive a gloſſy luſtre from the glaſs.
" He's mine, he's all my own!" the Naïa
And flings off all, and after him ſhe flies.
And now ſhe faſtens on him as he ſwims,
And holds him cloſe, and wraps about hi
The more the boy reſiſted, and was coy,
The more ſhe claſp'd and kiſs'd the ſtrug
So when the wriggling ſnake is ſnatch'd
In eagle's claws, and hiſſes in the ſky,
Around the foe his twirling tail he flings
And twiſts her legs, and writhes about h
The reſtleſs boy ſtill obſtinately ſtrove
To free himſelf, and ſtill refus'd her love
Amidſt his limbs ſhe kept her limbs entw
" And why, coy youth!" ſhe cries, " why
" Oh, may the gods thus keep us ever join'
" Oh, may we never, never part again!"
So pray'd the nymph, nor did ſhe pray i

Laſt in one face are both their faces join'd,
As when the ſtock and grafted twig combin'd
Shoot up the ſame, and wear a common rind:
Both bodies in a ſingle body mix,
A ſingle body with a double ſex.
The boy, thus loſt in woman, now ſurvey'd
The river's guilty ſtream, and thus he pray'd,
(He pray'd, but wonder'd at his ſofter tone,
Surpris'd to hear a voice but half his own)
" You parent gods, whoſe heav'nly names I bear,
" Hear your Hermaphrodite, and grant my pray'r;
" Oh! grant that whomſoe'er theſe ſtreams contain,
" If man he enter'd, he may riſe again
" Supple, unſinew'd, and but half a man!"
The heav'nly parents anſwer'd from on high
Their two-ſhap'd ſon, the double votary,
Then gave a ſecret virtue to the flood,
And ting'd its ſource to make his wiſhes good.

The man reſolv'd and ſteady to his truſt,
Inflexible to ill, and obſtinately juſt,
May the rude rabble's inſolence deſpiſe,
Their ſenſeleſs clamours and tumultuous cries;
The tyrant's fierceneſs he beguiles,
And the ſtern brow and the harſh voice defies,
And with ſuperior greatneſs ſmiles.
Not the rough whirlwind that deforms
Adria's black gulf, and vexes it with ſtorms,
The ſtubborn virtue of his ſoul can move,
Nor the red arm of angry Jove,
That flings the thunder from the ſky,
And gives it rage to roar, and ſtrength to fly.
Should the whole frame of Nature round him
In ruin and confuſion hurl'd,
He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crac
And ſtand ſecure amidſt a falling world.

His ruddy lips the purple tincture ſhow,
And with immortal ſtains divinely glow.
  By arts like theſe did young Lyæus riſe,
His tigers drew him to the ſkies;
Wild from the deſert, and unbroke,
In vain they foam'd, in vain they ſtar'd,
In vain their eyes with fury glar'd;
He tam'd 'em to the laſh, and bent 'em to the yoke.
  Such were the paths that Rome's great founder trod,
When in a whirlwind ſnatch'd on high
He ſhook off dull mortality,
And loſt the monarch in the god.
Bright Juno then her awful ſilence broke,
And thus th' aſſembled deities beſpoke.
  " Troy," ſays the goddeſs, " perjur'd Troy, has
" The dire effects of her proud tyrant's guilt; [felt
" The tow'ring pile and ſoft abodes,
" Wall'd by the hand of ſervile gods,
" Now ſpreads its ruins all around,
" And lies inglorious on the ground;
" An umpire, partial and unjuſt,
" And a lewd woman's impious luſt,
" Lay heavy on her head, and ſunk her to the duſt.
  " Since falſe Laomedon's tyrannic ſway,
" That durſt defraud th' immortals of their pay,
" Her guardian gods renounc'd their patronage,
" Nor would the fierce invading foe repel;
" To my reſentment, and Minerva's rage,
" The guilty king and the whole people fell.

" To Mars his offspring of the Trojan line:
" Advanc'd to godhead let him riſe,
" And take his ſtation in the ſkies,
" There entertain his raviſh'd ſight
" With ſcenes of glory, fields of light,
" Quaff with the gods immortal wine,
" And ſee adoring nations crowd his ſhrine.
" The thin remains of Troy's afflicted hoſt
" In diſtant realms may ſeats unenvy'd find,
" And flouriſh on a foreign coaſt,
" But far be Rome from Troy disjoin'd,
" Remov'd by ſeas from the diſaſtrous ſhore,
" May endleſs billows riſe between, and ſtorms
" number'd roar.
" Still let the curs'd deteſted place,
" Where Priam lies, and Priam's faithleſs race
" Be cover'd o'er with weeds, and hid in graſs
" There let the wanton flocks unguarded ſtray
" Or, while the lonely ſhepherd ſings,

In gloomy vaults and nooks of palaces,
May th' unmoleſted lioneſs
Her brinded whelps ſecurely lay,
Or, couch'd, in dreadful ſlumbers waſte the day.
" While Troy in heaps of ruins lies,
Rome and the Roman Capitol ſhall riſe;
Th' illuſtrious exiles unconfin'd
Shall triumph far and near, and rule mankind.
" In vain the ſea's intruding tide
Europe from Afric ſhall divide,
And part the ſever'd world in two:
Thro' Afric's ſands their triumphs they ſhall ſpread,
And the long train of victories purſue
To Nile's yet undiſcover'd head.
" Riches the hardy ſoldiers ſhall deſpiſe,
And look on gold with undeſiring eyes,
Nor the diſbowell'd earth explore
In ſearch of the forbidden ore;
Thoſe glitt'ring ills conceal'd within the mine,
Shall lie untouch'd, and innocently ſhine.
To the laſt bounds that Nature ſets,
The piercing colds and ſultry heats,
The godlike race ſhall ſpread their arms,
Now fill the Pollar Circle with alarms,
Till ſtorms and tempeſts their purſuits confine,
Now ſweat for conqueſt underneath the Line.
" This only law the victor ſhall reſtrain,
On theſe conditions ſhall he reign;

" A curse there ....
" That ſhall the new foundations raſe;
" Greece ſhall in mutual leagues conſpire
" To ſtorm the riſing town with fire,
" And at their army's head myſelf will ſhow
" What Juno, urg'd to all her rage, can do.
" Thrice ſhould Apollo's ſelf the city raiſe
" And line it round with walls of braſs,
" Thrice ſhould my fav'rite Greeks his work
" found,
" And hew the ſhining fabric to the ground;
" Thrice ſhould her captive dames to Greece
" And their dead ſons and ſlaughter'd hu
" mourn."

But hold, my Muſe, forbear thy towring fl
Nor bring the ſecrets of the gods to light;
In vain would thy preſumptuous verſe
Th' immortal rhetoric rehearſe;
The mighty ſtrains, in lyric numbers bound,
Forget their majeſty, and loſe their ſound.

A TRANSLATION OF ALL

VIRGIL'S FOURTH GEORGIC,

EXCEPT THE STORY OF ARISTÆUS.

ETHEREAL ſweets ſhall next my Muſe engage,
And this, Mecænas, claims your patronage;
Of little creatures wondrous acts I treat,
The ranks and mighty leaders of their ſtate,
Their laws, employments, and their wars, relate:
A trifling theme provokes my humble lays,
Trifling the theme, not ſo the poet's praiſe,
If great Apollo and the tuneful Nine
Join in the piece, and make the work divine.
Firſt, for your bees a proper ſtation find,
That's fenc'd about, and ſhelter'd from the wind,
For winds divert them in their flight, and drive
The ſwarms, when loaden homeward, from their hiv
Nor ſheep, nor goats, muſt paſture near their ſtore
To trample under foot the ſpringing flowers;
Nor friſking heifers bound about the place,
To ſpurn the dew-drops off, and bruiſe the riſing gra
Nor muſt the lizard's painted brood appear,
Nor woodpecks, nor the ſwallow, harbour near;
They waſte the ſwarms, and as they fly along
Convey the tender morſels to their young.
Let purling ſtreams, and fountains edg'd with m
And ſhallow rills run trickling thro' the graſs

Refreſhing ſprings ....,
And ſhady coverts yield a cool retreat.
Whether the neighb'ring water ſtands or runs
Lay twigs acroſs, and bridge it o'er with ſtones,
That if rough ſtorms or ſudden blaſts of wind
Should dip, or ſcatter thoſe that lag behind,
Here they may ſettle on the friendly ſtone,
And dry their reeking pinions at the ſun.
Plant all the flow'ry banks with lavender,
With ſtore of ſav'ry ſcent the fragrant air,
Let running betony the field o'erſpread,
And fountains ſoke the violet's dewy bed.
Tho' barks or plaited willows make your hive
A narrow inlet to their cells contrive,
For colds congeal and freeze the liquors up,
And melted down with heat the waxen building
The bees, of both extremes alike afraid,
Their wax around the whiſtling crannies ſpread
And ſuck out clammy dews from herbs and flowers
To ſmear the chinks, and plaſter up the pore
.... whoſe clinging

other times th' induſtrious inſects live
hollow rocks, or make a tree their hive.
Point all their chinky lodgings round with mud,
id leaves muſt thinly on your work be ſtrow'd;
t let no baleful yew-tree flouriſh near,
or rotten marſhes ſend out ſteams of mire,
or burning crabs grow red, and crackle in the fire,
or neighb'ring caves return the dying ſound,
or echoing rocks the doubled voice rebound.
ings thus prepar'd———
hen th' under world is ſeiz'd with cold and night,
nd ſummer here deſcends in ſtreams of light,
he bees thro' woods and foreſts take their flight;
hey riſle ev'ry flow'r, and lightly ſkim
he cryſtal brook, and ſip the running ſtream;
nd thus they feed their young with ſtrange delights,
nd knead the yielding wax and work the ſlimy ſweet.
it when on high you ſee the bees repair,
orne on the wind thro' diſtant tracts of air,
nd view the winged cloud all black'ning from afar,
hile ſhady coverts and freſh ſteams they chuſe,
ilfoil and common honeyſuckles bruiſe,
nd ſprinkle on their hives the fragrant juice;
n brazen veſſels beat a tinkling ſound,
nd ſhake the cymbals of the goddeſs round;
hen all will haſtily retreat, and fill
he warm reſounding hollow of their cell.
If once two rival kings their right debate,
nd *factions* and cabals embroil the ſtate,

And fit their claws, and point their angry ſti
In crowds before the king's pavilion meet,
And boldly challenge out the foe to fight!
At laſt, when all the heav'ns are warm and fa
They ruſh together out, and join; the air
Swarms thick, and echoes with the humming
All in a firm round cluſter mix, and ſtrow
With heaps of little corps the earth below
As thick as hailſtones from the floor rebound
Or ſhaken acorns rattle on the ground.
No ſenſe of danger can their kings control,
Their little bodies lodge a mighty ſoul;
Each obſtinate in arms purſues his blow,
Till ſhameful flight ſecures the routed foe:
This hot diſpute, and all this mighty fray,
A little duſt flung upward will allay.
But when both kings are ſettled in their hi
Mark him who looks the worſt, and left he li
Idle at home in eaſe and luxury,

The kings are diff'rent; one of better note,
All ſpeck'd with gold, and many a ſhining ſpot,
Looks gay, and gliſtens in a gilded coat;
But love of eaſe and ſloth in one prevails,
That ſcarce his hanging paunch behind him trails.
The people's looks are diff'rent as their kings;
Some ſparkle bright, and glitter in their wings;
Others look loathſome and diſeas'd with ſloth,
Like a faint traveller, whoſe duſty mouth
Grows dry with heat, and ſpits a maukiſh froth.
The firſt are beſt——
From their o'erflowing combs you'll often preſs
Pure luſcious ſweets that, mingling in the glaſs,
Correct the harſhneſs of the racy juice,
And a rich flavour thro' the wine diffuſe:
But when they ſport abroad and rove from home,
And leave the cooling hive, and quit th' unfiniſh'd
Their airy ramblings are with eaſe confin'd; [comb,
Clip their kings' wings, and if they ſtay behind
No bold uſurper dares invade their right,
Nor ſound a march, nor give the ſign for flight.
Let flow'ry banks entice 'em to their cells,
And gardens all perfum'd with native ſmells,
Where carv'd Priapus has his fix'd abode,
The robber's terror, and the ſcarecrow god.
Wild thyme and pine-trees from their barren hill
Tranſplant, and nurſe 'em in the neighb'ring ſoil;
Set fruit-trees round, nor e'er indulge thy ſloth,
But water 'em, and urge their ſhady growth.

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He then would prune the tend'reſt of his trees,
Chide the late ſpring and ling'ring weſtern breez
His bees firſt ſwarm'd, and made his veſſels foam
With the rich ſqueezing of the juicy comb.
Here lindons and the ſappy pine increas'd;
Here, when gay flow'rs his ſmiling orchard dreſs
As many bloſſoms as the ſpring could ſhow,
So many dangling apples mellow'd on the bough
In rows his elms and knotty pear-trees bloom,
And thorns ennobled now to bear a plum,
And ſpreading plane-trees, where, ſupinely laid,
He now enjoys the cool, and quaffs beneath the ſhade
But theſe for want of room I muſt omit,
And leave for future poets to recite.

Now I'll proceed their natures to declare,
Which Jove himſelf did on the bees confer;
Becauſe, invited by the timbrel's ſound,
Lodg'd in a cave th' almighty babe they found,
And the young god nurs'd kindly under ground.

Of all the wing'd inhabitants of air
Theſe only make their young the public care;
In well-diſpos'd ſocieties they live,
And laws and ſtatutes regulate their hive,
Nor ſtray, like others, unconfin'd abroad,
But know ſet ſtations, and a fix'd abode:
Each, provident of cold, in ſummer flies
Thro' fields and woods, to ſeek for new ſupplies.
And in the common ſtock unlades his thighs.

On this they found their waxen works, and ra
The yellow fabric on its glewy baſe.
Some educate the young, or hatch the ſeed
With vital warmth, and future nations breed;
Whilſt others thicken all the ſlimy dews,
And into pureſt honey work the juice,
Then fill the hollows of the comb, and ſwell
With luſcious nectar ev'ry flowing cell.
By turns they watch, by turns with curious ey
Survey the heav'ns, and ſearch the clouded ſki
To find out breeding ſtorms, and tell what te
peſts riſe;
By turns they eaſe the loaden ſwarms, or drive
The drone, a lazy inſect, from their hive;
The work is warmly ply'd thro' all the cells,
And ſtrong with thyme the new-made honey
So in their caves the brawny Cyclops ſweat,
When with huge ſtrokes the ſtubborn wedge t
beat,

Their beaten anvils dreadfully reſound,
And Ætna ſhakes all o'er, and thunders under ground.
Thus, if great things we may with ſmall compare,
The buſy ſwarms their diff'rent labours ſhare:
Deſire of profit urges all degrees;
The aged inſects, by experience wiſe,
Attend the comb, and faſhion ev'ry part,
And ſhape the waxen fret-work out with art:
The young at night, returning from their toils,
Bring home their thighs clogg'd with the meadows' ſpoils:
On lavender and ſaffron buds they feed,
On bending oſiers, and the balmy reed;
From purple violets and the teile they bring
Their gather'd ſweets, and riſle all the ſpring.
All work together, all together reſt:
The morning ſtill renews their labours paſt;
Then all ruſh out, their diff'rent taſks purſue,
Sit on the bloom, and ſuck the rip'ning dew.
Again, when ev'ning warns 'em to their home,
With weary wings and heavy thighs they come,
And crowd about the chink, and mix a drowſy hum:
Into their cells at length they gently creep,
There all the night their peaceful ſtation keep,
Wrapt up in ſilence, and diſſolv'd in ſleep.
None range abroad when winds and ſtorms are nigh,
Nor truſt their bodies to a faithleſs ſky,
But make ſmall journies with a careful wing,
And fly to water at a neighb'ring ſpring,

'Tis this may challenge admiration moſt,
That none will Hymen's ſofter joys approve,
Nor waſte their ſpirits in luxurious love,
But all a long virginity maintain,
And bring forth young without a mother's pa
From herbs and flow'rs they pick each tender
And cull from plants a buzzing progeny;
From theſe they chuſe out ſubjects, and create
A little monarch of the riſing ſtate,
Then build wax-kingdoms for the infant prin
And form a palace for his reſidence.
But often in their journies, as they fly,
On flints they tear their ſilken wings, or lie
Grov'lling beneath their flow'ry load, and die
Thus love of honey can an inſect fire,
And in a fly ſuch gen'rous thoughts inſpire.
Yet by repeopling their decaying ſtate,

waſte their honey, and their combs deface,
wild confuſion reigns in ev'ry place.
ıll admire, all the great guardian own,
rowd about his courts, and buz about his throne.
n their backs their weary prince they bear,
ı his cauſe embattled in the air,
e a glorious death in wounds and war.
ne from ſuch inſtances as theſe have taught
: bees' extract is heav'nly; for they thought
: univerſe alive; and that a ſoul,
ius'd throughout the matter of the whole,
all the vaſt unbounded frame was given,
ł ran thro' earth, and air, and ſea, and all the
deep of heav'n;
ıt this firſt kindled life in man and beaſt,
: that again flows into this at laſt;
ıt no compounded animal could die,
when diſſolv'd the ſpirit mounted high,
elt in a ſtar, and ſettled in the ſky."
ene'er their balmy ſweets you mean to ſeize,
ake the liquid labours of the bees,
ıraughts of water from your mouth, and drive
hſome cloud of ſmoke amidſt their hive.
ice in the year their flow'ry toils begin,
wice they fetch their dewy harveſt in;
when the lovely Pleiades ariſe,
dd freſh luſtre to the ſummer ſkies,
nce when, haſt'ning from the wat'ry ſign,
uit their ſtation, and forbear to ſhine.

wells the fleſh, and thou[illegible]
hen firſt a cold hard winter's ſtorms arrive,
threaten death or famine to their hive,
ow their ſinking ſtate and low affairs
move your pity and provoke your cares,
ſh burning thyme before their cells convey,
nd cut their dry and huſky wax away;
or often lizards ſeize the luſcious ſpoils,
r drones, that riot on another's toils;
Oft' broods of moths infeſt the hungry ſwarms,
And oft' the furious waſp their hive alarms
With louder hums, and with unequal arms;
Or elſe the ſpider at the entrance ſets
Her ſnares, and ſpins her bowels into nets.
When ſickneſs reigns (for they as well as we
Feel all th' effects of frail mortality)
[illegible] certain marks the new diſeaſe is ſeen,
[illegible] and their looks are thin;

Like winds that ſoftly murmur thro' the trees,
Like flames pent up, or like retiring ſeas.
Now lay freſh honey near their empty rooms,
In troughs of hollow reeds, whilſt frying gums
Caſt round a fragrant miſt of ſpicy fumes.
Thus kindly tempt the famiſh'd ſwarm to eat,
And gently reconcile 'em to their meat.
Mix juice of galls and wine, that grow in time
Condens'd by fire, and thicken to a ſlime;
To theſe dry'd roſes, thyme, and cent'ry, join,
And raiſins ripen'd on the Pſythian vine.

Beſides, there grows a flow'r in marſhy ground,
Its name Amellus, eaſy to be found;
A mighty ſpring works in its root, and cleaves
The ſprouting ſtalk, and ſhews itſelf in leaves;
The flow'r itſelf is of a golden hue,
The leaves inclining to a darker blue;
The leaves ſhoot thick about the flow'r, and grow
Into a buſh, and ſhade the turf below;
The plant in holy garlands often twines
The altar's poſts, and beautifies the ſhrines;
Its taſte is ſharp; in vales new-ſhorn it grows,
Where Mella's ſtream in wat'ry mazes flows;
Take plenty of its roots, and boil 'em well
In wine, and heap 'em up before the cell.

But if the whole ſtock fail, and none ſurvive,
To raiſe new people and recruit the hive,

For where th Egypt
Refresh'd with floods, and
Where Persia borders, and
Drives swiftly down the sw
Till into seven it multiplie
And fattens Egypt with a
In this last practice all the
And long experience justi
First, then, a close cont
With straiten'd walls and
A narrow shelving light
To all the quarters, one
Thro' these the glancing
Hither they lead a bull
when two-years growth

All this is done when firſt the weſtern breeze
Becalms the year, and ſmooths the troubled ſeas,
Before the chattering ſwallow builds her neſt,
Or fields in Spring's embroidery are dreſt.
Mean-while the tainted juice ferments within,
And quickens as it works: and now are ſeen
A wondrous ſwarm, that o'er the carcaſs crawls
Of ſhapeleſs, rude, unfiniſh'd animals.
No legs at firſt the inſect's weight ſuſtain,
At length it moves its new-made limbs with pain;
Now ſtrikes the air with quiv'ring wings, and tries
To lift its body up, and learns to riſe;
Now bending thighs and gilded wings it wears
Full grown, and all the bee at length appears:
From every ſide the fruitful carcaſs pours
Its ſwarming brood as thick as ſummer-ſhow'rs,
Or flights of arrows from the Parthian bows,
When twanging ſtrings firſt ſhoot 'em on the foes.
  Thus have I ſung the nature of the bee,
While Cæſar, tow'ring to divinity,
The frighted Indians with his thunder aw'd,
And claim'd their homage, and commenc'd a god:
I flouriſh'd all the while in arts of peace,
Retir'd and ſhelter'd in inglorious eaſe;
I who before the ſongs of ſhepherds made,
When gay and young my rural lays I play'd,
And ſet my Tityrus beneath his ſhade.

r in the gloomy horrors of the ...g...
ſtruck upon the coaſt where Ætna lies,
rid and waſte, its entrails fraught with fire,
t now caſts out dark fumes and pitchy clouds,
ſt ſhowers of aſhes hov'ring in the ſmoke;
w belches molten ſtones and ruddy flame
cens'd, or tears up mountains by the roots,
r ſlings a broken rock aloft in air:
he bottom works with ſmother'd fire, involv'd
n peſtilential vapours, ſtench, and ſmoke.
'Tis ſaid that thunder-ſtruck Enceladus,
Grovelling beneath th' incumbent mountain's weigh
Lies ſtretch'd ſupine, eternal prey of flames,
And when he heaves againſt the burning load,
Reluctant, to invert his broiling limbs,
A ſudden earthquake ſhoots thro' all the iſle,
And Ætna thunders dreadful under ground,
Then pours out ſmoke in wreathing curls convolv
And ſhades the ſun's bright orb, and blots out d
... of the woods we lodg'd,

Oppos'd itſelf to Cynthia's ſilver ray,
And ſhaded all beneath. But now the ſun
With orient beams had chas'd the dewy night
From earth and heav'n; all Nature ſtood diſcloſ'd
When looking on the neighb'ring woods we ſaw
The ghaſtly viſage of a man unknown,
An uncouth feature, meagre, pale, and wild;
Affliction's foul and terrible diſmay
Sat in his looks, his face impair'd and worn
With marks of famine, ſpeaking ſore diſtreſs
His locks were tangled, and his ſhaggy beard
Matted with filth; in all things elſe a Greek.
He firſt advanc'd in haſte; but when he ſaw
Trojans and Trojan arms, in mid career
Stopt ſhort, he back recoil'd as one ſurpris'd;
But ſoon recov'ring ſpeed, he ran, he flew
Precipitant, and thus with piteous cries
Our ears aſſail'd: "By Heav'n's eternal fires,
"By ev'ry god that ſits enthron'd on high,
"By this good light, relieve a wretch forlorn,
"And bear me hence to any diſtant ſhore,
"So I may ſhun this ſavage race accurſt.
"'Tis true I fought among the Grecks that late
"With ſword and fire o'erturn'd Neptunian Troy,
"And laid the labour of the gods in duſt;
"For which, if ſo the ſad offence deſerves,
"Plung'd in the deep, for ever let me lie.

55
as,

60
ame

65

hung

70

" Were ſpatter'd o'er with brains: he lap'd the bloo
" And chew'd the tender fleſh ſtill warm with life,
" That ſwell'd and heav'd itſelf amidſt his teeth
" As ſenſible of pain. Not leſs, mean-while,
" Our chief incens'd, and ſtudious of revenge,
" Plots his deſtruction, which he thus effects:
" The giant, gorg'd with fleſh, and wine, and bloo
" Lay ſtretch'd at length and ſnoring in his den,
" Belching raw gobbets from his maw, o'er-charg'
" With purple wine and cruddled gore confus'd:
" We gather'd round, and to his ſingle eye,
" The ſingle eye that in his forehead glar'd
" Like a full moon, or a broad burniſh'd ſhield,
" A forky ſtaff we dext'rouſly apply'd,
" Which in the ſpacious ſocket turning round,
" Scoop'd out the big round gelly from its orb.
" But let me not thus interpoſe delays;
" Fly, Mortals! fly this curs'd deteſted race;
" A hundred of the ſame ſtupendous ſize,
" A hundred Cyclops live among the hills,
" Gigantic brotherhood, that ſtalk along
" With horrid ſtrides o'er the high mountains' to
" Enormous in their gait; I oft' have heard
" Their voice and tread, oft' ſeen 'em as they paſ
" Sculking and ſcowring down, half dead with fe
" Thrice has the moon waſh'd all her orb in ligh
" Thrice travell'd o'er, in her obſcure ſojourn,

Blind Polypheme: by weary ſteps and ſ
The groping giant with a trunk of pine
Explor'd his way; around his woolly ſh
Attended grazing; to the well-known
He bent his courſe, and on the margin
A hideous monſter, terrible, deform'd:
Full in the midſt of his high front there
The ſpacious hollow where his eyeball r
A ghaſtly orifice; he rins'd the wound,
And waſh'd away the ſtrings and clott
That cak'd within; then ſtalking thro'
He fords the ocean, while the topmoſt
Scarce reaches up his middle ſide: we ſh
Amaz'd be ſure; a ſudden horror chill
Ran thro' each nerve, and thrill'd in ev
Till uſing all the force of winds and oar
We ſped away: he heard us in our cour
And with his outſtretch'd arms around
But finding nought within his reach, he
Such hideous ſhouts that all the ocean

Rous'd with the ſound, the mighty family
Of one-ey'd brothers haſten to the ſhore,
And gather round the bellowing Polypheme,
A dire aſſembly! we with eager haſte
Work ev'ry one, and from afar behold
A hoſt of giants covering all the ſhore.
So ſtands a foreſt tall of mountain oaks
Advanc'd to mighty growth: the traveller
Hears from the humble valley where he rides
The hollow murmurs of the winds that blow
Amidſt the boughs, and at the diſtance ſees
The ſhady tops of trees unnumber'd riſe,
A ſtately proſpect, waving in the clouds.

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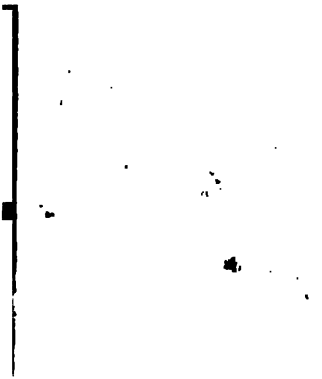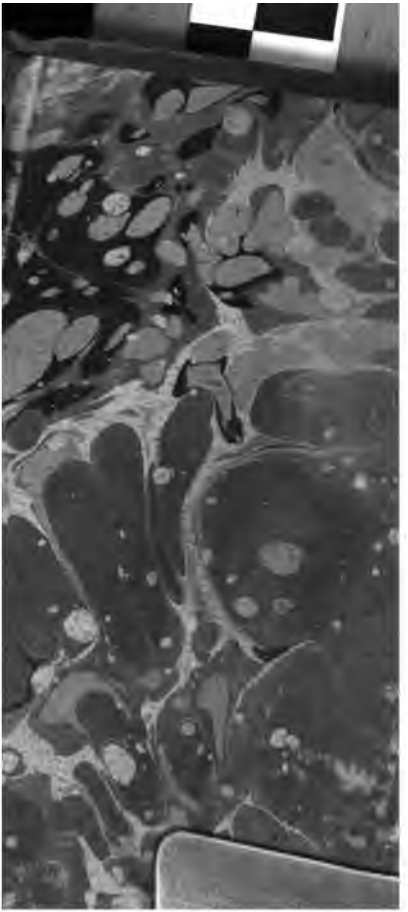
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